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Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE. MECHANIC ARTS. LITERATURE, NEWS, &c.

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Make war with the weeds.

The New York legislature has passed a law prohibiting parachute ascensions.

The farmers of Vermont are agitating the choosing of a candidate for Governor from their own number. They have several men eminently qualified for the place.

Keep the cultivator going in all good weather from now till the crops are too large for further work. But run it shallow. It is only to kill the weeds and keep the surface stirred that the cultivator is needed.

Read the article in another column, "The Famous Union County Roads." It is an exemplification of just what the *Farmer* has been of late advocating. Good roads are equivalent to money in hand to every one within their reach.

Notwithstanding low values of nearly all farm productions, the price of farm labor remains high. Even at the high prices, good help is scarce and difficult to secure. This condition is a serious drawback to New England farming.

One of the veteran cheese makers of New York, Geo. E. Newell, is of the opinion that the future butter and cheese makers of this country must be graduates of dairy schools. Young man, keep this in mind, and prepare to attend the dairy school at Orono next winter.

An amateur gardener's remedy for black knot on plum trees is, "*more manure.*" Something more than ordinary garden manuring is meant by this. Put it on freely, and then put on more. After twenty years of this treatment his plum trees are still clean, thrifty, and bearing. And this right here in Kennebec county.

Miss Midy Morgan, noted some years ago as the cattle market reporter for the New York *Times* and the *Tribune*, died in Jersey City, a short time since, at the age of 64 years. In many respects she was one of the most remarkable newspaper women in the world. She was admitted to be one of the best judges of cattle in all the East.

Movements of wool this season are slow and entirely without speculative effect on prices. The clip is fully equal in amount to all the demands that are likely to be made upon it by manufacturers, in spite of the increased consumption of goods induced by low prices. At present the outlook is that only moderate prices, and a quiet trade, will be experienced this season.

A lesson in economics in agriculture was seen last week in the corn field. A farmer with a large field of corn was at work with two horses and two cultivators, with himself and the hired man each holding a cultivator, while a small boy led the two horses side by side in two adjoining rows. Better still, thought we, for each man to hold and drive, and thus save the labor of another boy.

Field Day at the State College.

A special dispatch to the *Farmer*, just as we were going to press last week, announced a grand success of the field meeting held at the State College on Wednesday, the 15th. The occasion was of sufficient importance to claim attention more at length than was then given.

Comparatively few of the general public have ever visited this institution, and for that reason have hardly realized the educational facilities the State has there provided. Some months ago, we referred to the fact that at Guelph, Canada, the agricultural college of the Dominion, excursions with reduced fares brought thousands of visitors to the institution during the summer, thus giving it prominence before the public. Prof. Balentine, of the Chair of Agriculture at our State College, conceived the idea of an excursion to that institution, and issued an invitation to the different subordinate Granges in the State in particular, and to the public in general, to visit the institution at the time specified. Half-fare rates were secured on the railroads, and free transportation to and from trains provided by the college. With the invitation was sent a request that all organizations would report in advance the probable number of their members who would attend. Refreshments at the college were tendered to all who might attend. To the great gratification of all concerned, the responses assured a crowd, and provisions were made accordingly.

The day was one of June's loveliest, and with it came the people from all sections of the State, to the number of an estimated thousand. Piscataquis county alone brought three full carloads. The active Granges of that section all seemed to be there. Hancock also responded freely, while Penobscot always does her full share. The full Board of Agriculture was present, and every county in the State was represented. In the numbers were many parents with their sons or daughters, who came with the object of seeing for themselves the opportunities offered for educational work.

The forenoon was occupied in looking over the premises and inspecting the facilities there provided for carrying on educational work. The doors of all the Halls were thrown open, and every facility possible provided for affording opportunities for carrying out the objects of their visit. The campus was in fine condition, and notwithstanding the absence of much that might appropriately be added to beautify and adorn, it presented a measure of that beauty which unadorned is adorned the most. Much was the gratifying surprise of hundreds of the visitors, never there before, over what was found.

Most of the visitors were from the farms, and naturally the men were greatly intent on an examination of the farm, its conditions and its appliances. In general appearance the stock found only praise, but the farming at large had to bear some expressions not highly complimentary. The implements used on the farm were on exhibition, and teams were furnished to operate them at the pleasure of observers. This feature proved entertaining, and no doubt afforded information to the observers.

At an early hour tables were spread in the college dining hall, and under the branches of trees on the campus near by, where all were provided in bounty with a dinner of hot baked beans, coffee, pastry and fruit, served by students in military attire, till the hunger from an early breakfast and the forenoon tramp had been satisfied. Loud and frequent were the praises of this grateful reception met at the hands of the college.

An exhibition drill by the students filled a half hour after dinner, when all hands repaired to the chapel where remarks, historical, humorous and entertaining, enjoyably filled a large measure of the remaining time before the trains bore the happy crowd away from a day's recreation, which must contribute much to the people at large of a better knowledge of our State College. The management never made a better outlay than this. While members of the College Faculty, and the students as well, aided much in making the occasion the pleasurable and profitable success it was, yet the responsibility was largely with Prof. Balentine, and whatever of credit may come of it may rightly be shared by him in large measure. We venture to predict, hereafter, an annual field day at the State College.

Facts vs. Statements.

An exchange says, that the value of ground cobs for feeding to cattle or pigs is not so much in any inherent value as a feeding stuff, but because it acts as a divisor with such concentrated food as corn meal, which is difficult to digest when fed alone to animals.

This is a popular theory, but is it sound? We like to know things that are true rather than popular. Does corn meal need a "divisor" in order to make it digestible? We are not prepared to dispute the proposition, but before accepting it as a fact, we would like to have reliable evidence in place of mere say-so. The amount of cob to a bushel of corn—fourteen pounds or less of cob to fifty-six of corn—is so small that it would require accurate work to determine the comparative feeding results of the mixture as compared with the meal alone. Besides, there is a measure of food material in the cobs, and though not large, yet it is of a kind that not unfrequently is defective in the ration, and therefore becomes of an importance greater than the small food contents would otherwise indicate when the meal is fed. We question whether the results of feeding are squarely pronounced enough to plainly distinguish the presence of the small amount of cob meal, even though it contained no nutrients. Drawing the conclusion, then, that corn meal needs a "divisor" because we have been unable to distinguish that clear meal has a greater feeding result than when a little cob meal is mixed with it, is planting science on a weak foundation. What is needed is more established facts in agriculture. Mere statements are not enough.

Don't Do It.

We learn there are representatives in the State of a Chicago Dairy Supply Company soliciting opportunities for building and equipping butter factories at a stipulated price for the plant complete. This plan of establishing factories has been worked to a considerable extent in the West. An agent of the Company appears in a locality, works up an interest in the matter, succeeds in organizing a Company and closing a contract for the construction of a factory and the fitting it out with appliances for the carrying on the work. The usual price fixed upon is five thousand dollars.

As a result of this method of proceedure scores of creameries have been established where there was not business enough to sustain them, and serious loss on the part of farmers who have been enticed into the arrangement by these smooth-talking agents has been the result. We understand that in one case in this State a contract has been entered into with just such a company and that a factory is nearing completion.

Now we wish to say to any other communities of farmers who may be approached for such a scheme, *Don't do it*, and for these reasons:

1. The contract price asked is much more than the actural cost of the facilities furnished. A factory fully equipped in readiness for work and large enough for any present business it may be able to secure, can be built, aside from the cost of lot, for two thousand dollars. There is no call then for dividend, on more than twice that amount of capital stock.

2. In any community of farmers with sufficient enterprise to make and contribute the needed supply of milk there is money enough for building and equipping a factory. It is much better that the farmers who make the milk should be the sole owners of the factory. There is no call whatever and nothing at all gained by going to Chicago for aid in such enterprises.

There are still many places in the State where creameries may be successfuly operated. If farmers want these factories it is better that they join hands and take measures themselves to secure them. If success is ever realized out of them it will come through the united efforts of the owners of the cows and not from Chicago speculation.

Flax-seed Meal vs. Cream for Calves.

The *Farmer* has frequently called attention to the value of linseed meal as feed for young and growing stock. All the Iowa station experiments have been in progress to determine the feeding value of ground flax for young calves. A bull and heifer-calf of the Holstein and Shorthorn breeds were chosen, the two bulls being fed on whole milk, and the two heiferson milk skimmed after being set twelve hours, with as much flax seed as they could assimilate without scouring. These experiments lasted three months, the calves being weighed every fifteen days. The results indicate:

1. That a ration of skim milk and ground flax seed compare favorably with a new milk ration for young calves.

2. The skim milk and flax seed meal fed calves were less interrupted in their growth by weaning, than were the whole-milk calves.

3. A saving value of butter fat alone of $1.11 per month on each calf, was effected by substituting the ground flax seed.

4. The cost of producing a pound of gain, estimating new milk at 87½ cents per hundred pounds, skim milk at fifteen cents per hundred pounds, grain one cent per pound, hay $6 per ton (the latter two being fed alike to both lots,) and flax seed meal 3½ cents per pound, was 7.6 cents per pound increase with the fresh milk ration, and only five cents with the skim milk ration.

It appears from this that where there are proper facilities for converting the butter fat into butter, it is much more economical to feed calves skim milk and flax seed than whole milk.

The Famous Union County Roads.

In 1889, the New Jersey Legislature passed a law empowering the board of freeholders in any county to set aside certain roads as county roads and take charge of of them, the cost of the maintenance to be borne by the county. The boards were empowered by this act to issue county bonds to raise money to put the roads in condition as first-class highways. The freeholders' board of Union county were the first to take advantage of this law. They selected thirty-five miles of road, the main highways through the county, set them aside as county roads, and voted to issue bonds to the amount of $300 000, to pay the cost of macadamizing. At this action a wail went up from the farmers. Such unprecedented extravagance would plunge the county hopelessly in debt, raise the taxes above boiling point, and ruin them all; such expenditure might be wise in a county like Essex, including large cities, but to entail such a debt upon Union was rank idiocy. Nevertheless, the freeholders pushed the preliminary work steadily forward, sent the engineers over the ground, and took bids for the work, which was portioned into sections. After the work was under way the board was confronted with the fact that $300,000 would not complete the work undertaken. The dilemma had the usual two horns—leave the work incomplete, or raise more money. The opposition was strong, but they concluded to raise the money and finish the work as originally planned, so additional bonds for $50,000 were issued, making a total of $350,000. At the extra issue of bonds the dissenters settled down in silent despair and waited for the result.

It is now nearly a year since the completion of the roads that give Union county the finest highways in the country. From Elizabeth, the county seat, they branch out in fan-shape through the county, to Rahway, to Plainfield, to Summit. At Elizabeth and Springfield they join with the Essex county system, that goes through Newark and the famous Oranges, giving 50 miles of first-class road between the extreme points, from Pine Brook in Essex county, through Montclair, Orange, Newark, Elizabeth and Plainfield to Dunellen in Union County. Then the intersecting roads from Elizabeth to Rahway, Rahway to Westfield, Westfield to Fanwood and Scotch Plains on the west, and Springfield and Summit on the east, all combined, render any part of the counties accessible at all times of the year. The roads are always in condition, mud has no terrors for the teamster or coachman, and the weight of the load is only limited by the strength of the team.

Now that the roads are built and have been in use nearly a year, it is difficult to find a farmer who opposed them. When you do find one who admits it he blushes to acknowledge it. At all seasons and at all times the markets of the city have been accessible to him. If he had anything to take to market, he was not compelled to hurry it thither in poor condition before the winter storms made the roads impassable, or to hold it until spring, when there was no demand for it. For the same reason the farmers were not compelled to all rush their produce into market at the same time, overstock the market, and consequently run down prices. The supply has not overrun the demand, and for all kinds of produce sold by the Union county farmers in the markets of New York, Newark, Elizabeth and Rahway, prices have been steadier and the general average higher the past year than before. This statement is not made off hand, but based upon actual investigation. Then, the farmer has been benefited again in the rise in the value of property. The good roads have proved an attraction to a class of residents who do not look to the farm for a livelihood, but are ready customers for farm products. A man doing business in the city can live two and three miles away from the depot, when he knows that at all times of the year he has a good, solid road from his door to the depot. What is three miles to an ordinary horse on a macadamized road? These roads have made every part of the country desirable as a place of residence for business men. Land that before these roads went through went begging for a purchaser at $100 an acre, finds a ready sale at $175 and $200 an acre, and there is not much offered even at that figure. Farming is profitable now where it was a losing business before. The increase in land values alone would pay the cost of the roads many times over. Taxes are a trifle higher, but no reasonable man would object to paying a few dollars more tax, when his property has been doubled in value. I have yet to find the man who says the roads of Union county are not the best investment the county ever made.

And now a word about the roads themselves. They are, strictly speaking, Telford-Macadam, the foundation being according to Telford, and the finishing Macadam. In laying the bed an excavation was made 18 inches deep and 12 feet wide. In this trench the foundation stone was carefully placed by hand by experienced workmen. Closely and compactly over this a layer of coarse crushed stone was placed and a sprinkling of dirt, and the mass rolled compactly. After this had been rolled sufficiently the top-dressing of fine stone was scattered on the road, rounded up, and rolled solid. This road withstands the action of frost and is always dry. After laid, the cost of keeping in repair is nominal, fine crushed stone being put on the low and worn-out parts as need arises. There is not so much exaggeration in the statement of the old farmer, that "every one of Union county's macadamized roads is worth more than a railroad."—*Edwin Ralph Collins, in the American Agriculturist for April.*

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

Raising Potatoes.

Editor of Farmer: On account of my statement in your issue of April 7th, that I intended to enter the agricultural arena, I have been put upon the defensive by an unknown correspondent, who, from a narrow standpoint, ridicules the idea of a woman doing manual labor in the fields. At the same time I presume he would see no reason why she should not enter a shoe shop, or a cotton factory, toiling ten hours per day, where the constant jar of heavy machinery injures the delicate organs of her mechanism, and destroys her nervous system, while close confinement in overcrowded and ill-ventilated rooms soon undermines her health, and after a few years at most, leaves her a physical wreck, and old before her time.

It is a great mistake to think that a woman's field of labor should be bounded by the four walls of a room. It may be what is termed "delicate," and "feminine," but it is not free and health-giving, neither is it conducive to longevity. A freer physical life means a freer mental life, not only for the woman immediately concerned, but for her offspring. Let us go back to the days of Daniel Webster. His mother went into the forest, and, working side by side with her husband, helped him to clear the land and pile the logs. Abraham Lincoln's father was a rail splitter, and I have read that his wife, the mother of our loved and martyred President, did not disdain to help him occasionally, and could split as good a rail as himself. Before the great Napoleon was born his mother, disdaining the privacy and seclusion of her home, went into camp with her husband, rode by his side, and shared with him the dangers of the battle-field.

Too many of our girls are brought up with the idea that the one aim of their lives is to marry and be supported. Now, until woman can demonstrate to herself, and the world at large, that she can be self-supporting, that is, that she can wrest a living from the soil, she must be, to a certain extent, dependent upon man. It would seem that the gentleman who has forced me to lift my pen in defence of self, and my sex in general, would oppose the upward march of woman, and still keep her in her primal condition of slavery and obedience to her "lord and master." But woman is steadily asserting her independence, and the time is not far distant in a county like Essex, including large cities, but to entail such a debt upon Union was rank idiocy. Nevertheless, the freeholders pushed the preliminary work steadily forward, sent the engineers over the ground, and took bids for the work, which was portioned into sections. After the work was under way the board was confronted with the fact that $300,000 would not complete the work undertaken. The dilemma had the usual two horns—leave the work incomplete, or raise more money. The opposition was strong, but they concluded to raise the money and finish the work as originally planned, so additional bonds for $50,000 were issued, making a total of $350,000. At the extra issue of bonds the dissenters settled down in silent despair and waited for the result.

If Mr. Plebeian's ultra-refined sensibilities have received such a shock simply because one Maine woman dares to follow the bent of her own inclinations and cultivate a small field of potatoes, what must have been his sensations on reading in the *Farmer* of June 21, that "150 young women have taken up timber claims in the State of Washington during the last six months?"

My belligerent critic asks some very pertinent questions which I will endeavor to answer; but first permit me to tell him that he has been misinformed in regard to my dwelling place. It is not on the "back side" of a mountain, but decidedly on the *front* side of beautiful and picturesque "Old Streaked;" and from my elevated position I can command a magnificent view of the surrounding county, which sweeps away for many miles before the horizon cuts it off. And when the purple shades of night drop down upon us, and the sentinel stars take up their solemn watch in the dark vault above, the glow and sparkle of the electric lights at Lewiston are plainly discernible. Ah! Mr. Plebeian, the mountain side is a grand place, if one only has an appreciative eye for the beauties of nature. Now to answer his questions: First, do I own a team, that is, a yoke of oxen? Yes, my husband owns a team, and as the law would give me a certain share of the personal property, I think I own team enough to do all the ox work I shall require; and, furthermore, to ease his mind, I will state that I own the land which I intend to till, and also the dressing that is to enrich it, as a part of the stock kept on the farm belongs to me. Second, do I own a plow? No, Mr. Plebeian, I do not own a plow; that I confess is hired. To hire a plow he says I "must have money." Well, if it will be any satisfaction to him to know it, I have the money, and it did not come out of my husband's pocket-book either. Third, which will I do, hold the plow or drive the oxen? I have chosen the latter, and have been out this afternoon driving the oxen while my husband held the plow, and I did not wear a pair of heavy boots either, but fine kid ones. To be sure they were a trifle muddy, but I cleaned and dried them nicely; and I also wore a neat, print wrapper, instead of the heavy clothes of Mr. Plebeian's lively imagination. I do not choose to make a guy of myself even in the potato field. Now there will be some parts of the work on this land which I shall not choose to do, like holding the plow, for instance. But I would like to ask my opponent if farmers do not have, *and exercise*, the right to hire help? For every hour of work done for me I shall pay; but I intend to do the greater part of it myself, and by the time this article is published I shall most probably have gotten the seed all in the ground. I do not intend to "stagger under the weight of a bushel basket filled with potatoes." I am a slender woman, and could not easily lift such a load; I shall simply use a smaller one. But I think I could lift a bushel as easily as I could carry in my arms a child weighing from thirty-five to forty pounds, and that is what most mothers have to do, more or less, and who scoffs at them for it? I do not intend to unsex myself at all, so I pray my adversary not to give himself any uneasiness at all on that point. I still maintain that it is just as suitable, and far more healthful, for a woman to work in the field as in the kitchen; and planting potatoes is far pleasanter work than washing soiled clothes. The spicy breezes blowing from the newly clothed woodland, and the scented zephyrs of the clover fields, are far more delightful and refreshing than the smell of soapsuds. It seems almost a pity that my inquisitive opponent had not lived in the darker ages, when the oppression of woman was complete, and she acknowledged herself a slave to the tyrannical power of man. But, living in the nineteenth century, he must, perforce, put up with the nineteenth century woman, and she has little sympathy for those maculine minds who would condemn her to life-destroying toil in over-heated kitchens and ill-ventilated factories, and exclude her from free, health-giving labor in the fresh, clover-scented, balsam-laden air of the fields.

Buckfield. ISA GERTRUDE WHITMAN.

For the Maine Farmer.

The Value of Straw.

Farmers, as a rule, have always entertained the idea that every pound of straw grown on a farm ought, as quickly as possible, be utilized in the manure pile.

While this may seem correct, it can easily be proven by facts and figures that the system is wrong and wasteful, and money thus wasted, if saved, would not only buy enough manure or fertilizer to keep the farm in a high condition, but also leave a good round sum as profit for the farmer.

I propose to take the present price of rye and rye straw, and show how a farmer can realize a greatly increased income on every acre of rye, and "not rob his farm," but keep it in a high state of cultivation, by placing on it just as much manure or fertilizer as if he had adhered to the old plan of throwing his straw crop into the manure pile. The following facts and figures will prove these statements correct: One acre of land will yield 15 to 20 bushels of rye and one ton of straw. The present price in New York markets of rye is 75 cents per bushel, and the price of rye straw threshed straight and bound, is $19.00 per ton. Ten acres of rye yielding 15 bushels to the acre, if sold at 75 cents per bushel, will amount to $112.50, and the ten tons of straight threshed and bound straw, if sold at $19.00 per ton, would amount to $190, making a total of $302 50 realized from the ten acres of rye and straw. According to Prof. E. B. Voorhees, the New Jersey State Chemist, the real manurial value of rye straw in the manure pile is only $2.00 per ton, consequently, if the old plan is followed, and the ten tons of straw is deposited in the manure pile, the value of it there, according to Prof. E. B. Voorhees, is only $20.00, while, if the ten tons of rye straw were sold, it would bring $190. Take the manurial value of the ten tons of rye straw, which is $20.00, and with $20.00 buy stable manure or commercial fertilizer, and it will enrich the farm to the same extent as if the whole ten tons of straw had been deposited in the manure pile, and yet leave in the farmer's pocket a net profit of $170. This, while enriching the farmer, surely does "not rob the farm."

The above facts, I think, prove conclusively that it is wasteful and wrong to continue in the old way of threshing the straw and wasting it in the manure pile, or if not absolutely wasting it in this way, reducing its value to $2 00 per ton, when the same straw, if threshed straight and bound, would bring in New York markets $19.00 per ton. I will admit to thresh rye by hand is slow and expensive, and if the ordinary spiked cylinder thresher is used, the straw will be broken and its marketable value destroyed, hence I advocate the use of improved machinery, and in this case I recommend the self-binding rye thresher, which not only threshes without injury to the straw, but also cleans the straw from dust and delivers it thoroughly threshed and rebound, ready for marketable purposes.

Farmers should consider this matter, and as it is an opportunity to greatly increase the profits of the farm, they cannot too soon discard old fogy methods and wasteful plans.

JOHN BUTTERWORTH.

Trenton, N. J.

For the Maine Farmer.

Jottings from York County.

Josiah McIntire & Son, (I. A. McIntire,) Biddeford, have for years been among the oldest and largest milkmen driving into Saco and Biddeford, keeping from 30 to 35 cows. For some years past they have had a pure bred Ayrshire at the head of their herd; they now have a fine looking pure bred Jersey calf from the herd of O. Gardner, Rockland, which in the future is to be used. One of their Jersey cows has a record of 15 lbs. of butter in a week. They are now selling cream at Dane's Wonder Brook Creamery, Kennebunk, and are well satisfied with the returns they are getting. The Messrs. McIntire have planted 100 bushels of potatoes the present spring.

E. L. Milliken, West Scarboro, is building a butter factory to be opened about Sept. 1st. A separator is to be used. Mr. M. keeps a large herd of extra good butter cows, and his first object in building the factory is the manufacture of his own cream, but will buy what is brought in. He has recently increased his herd by the purchase of some ten or twelve Jersey heifers from the herd of the Pike Bros., Cornish.

J. L. Hill, Biddeford, and his son, Chas. H. Hill, have for some years sold the most milk of any one driving into Saco and Biddeford, largely put up in glass cans. Their sales are from 130 to 140 quarts a day, amounting to about $4000 a year. After feeding from 45 to 50 cows and six horses, last winter, they had $100 worth of hay to sell. They last fall built a stone bridge across a brook for the accommodation of the farm at a cost of $500. They have just completed a barn 42x150 feet, with cellar under the whole. The roof is of the "monitor" style, with a window of three lights in the upright over each bin, for the double purpose of light and ventilation. The design was to have everything done in the most thorough manner, but nothing for mere show. The barn was built by contract by D. B. Hill, Saco, the bills being paid every Saturday night, and the Messrs. Hill were so well satisfied with the job that they made Mr. Hill a handsome present. The barn was ready for the stock in just eight weeks from the day the sills were laid. The silos, of 100 tons capacity each, indicate the Messrs. Hill's opinion of ensilage for milch cows. Besides this new barn, among the largest and best arranged in the State, they have a barn 40x80 feet, and a stable 28x40 feet.

Hooper Brothers, milkmen, Biddeford, have a nice herd of cows headed by a high grade Holstein bull, 3 years old, weighing nearly 2,300 lbs.

T. J. Weymouth, No. Berwick, (Sanford P. O.) has a steer calf, all red, Durham style, rangy, but well built, girthing very nearly 4 feet at eight weeks old. He wants a mate.

The Sanford Creamery Association is still prosperous, with prospect of a larger business the present season than in any former one; indeed it is confidently expected that twice as much butter will be made in 1892 as in 1888, the first year it was run. The management has been good from the start, and the farmers have patronized it with a good degree of unanimity. President, John T. Hall; Treasurer, R. S. Stanley, both of Alfred; Secretary, W. P. Ferguson, Shapleigh; Directors, John T. Hall, R. S. Stanley, Jos. Ridley, J. P. Moulton, Sanford, Lewis Weeks, Lebanon; Buttermaker and Agent, C. W. Clark, who has been in the factory since its start, which fact is all the commendation that need be given of his ability and popularity. All the work in the factory is done by Mr. Clark. The butter is largely sold in Sanford and Springvale villages, and at Great Falls, N. H. The average price paid to patrons last year was a trifle less than 21½ cents a pound, the lowest price per inch for cream at any time having been 5½ cents. The average amount of cream for a pound of butter is some hundredths less than two inches. The cream is at present gathered by Jos. Ridley & Sons. Some 35 or 40 tons of butter were made last year; about 4½ tons were made last month, May.

C. C. Barrell & Sons, York, among the best farmers in town, are quite largely engaged in orcharding, smal. fruits, and market gardening, though they have an excellent grass farm on the west bank of the York River, from which they have the past year sold an accumulation of hay of about eighty tons. They have a fine flock of Shropshire sheep, about fifty, average fleece this year very nearly 7 lbs. They have a thoroughbred buck, bought of Mr. Reed, Bowdoinham, weighing 175 lbs., and a thoroughbred ewe, bought last year of O. A. Abbott, Vassalboro, through a notice in the *Maine Farmer*, that weighs 156 lbs. This spring she had a pair of twin lambs, the male weighing 25 lbs. at one month old, and 45 lbs. at two months; the ewe 43 lbs. The Messrs. Barrell sent some ten or twelve early lambs to Boston, for which they received satisfactory prices.

Wm. Hall, and his son, J. F. Hall, on the Hall homestead, No. Berwick, are among the best farmers in town. The father is 87 years of age, still "as well as ever," doing the milking, working in the field, also regularly attending church at the village, and going to market every week.

Mr. Harper Deering, Saco, who has been well known in York and Oxford counties as a shrewd, reliable cattle dealer for more than forty years, at the age of eighty years is still in the business, keen as ever to see the good points in the steers, hearty and rugged, not at all bowed with age, though the locks are somewhat silvered.

C. S. A.

For the Maine Farmer.

The Result.

Mr. Editor: May of last year I agreed to plant one acre of potatoes on equal shares with a neighbor. He found seed and dressing and team, to do all the necessary work. I kept a correct account of labor done by the hour, and here send the result. Broke up the ground, an old June grass sare, harrowed in well 17 ox-loads of heap dressing, then furrowed light, dropped one piece with 2 and 3 eyes to a piece, turned the light furrow back over the seed, coming back in the same row, putting a 20 pound stone in the plow and running the mold-board down, saving hand work. They came up true; hoed with a horse hoe; Paris greened them once and hand pulled weeds in August. Dug 130 bushels nice, sound potatoes.

I reckoned 10 cents per hour for man and team, and my 65 bushels cost me $13.00, just 20 cents per bushel, in the cellar. I think 125 bushels per acre is better than to try to raise more. Then they are medium sized and will not rot or grow hollow or pronged, as they are apt to do if we try to raise by dressing a larger crop.

Madison Center. G. W. EMERSON.

Pampering Stock.

Editor Jersey Bulletin: Amongst all the many causes of tenderness and disease of horses, cattle and other domestic animals, there is none worse than too warm, unventilated stables. Hundreds of times I have entered stables appropriated to cattle, and found the condition of the air completely stifling. Every possible aperture was closed. The very possibility, even, of ingress and egress of fresh air, was barred. The effluvium from excrementitious matter, I have found in hundreds of our high-toned dwellings for cows, etc., simply nauseating and sickening to the extreme. It is absolutely impossible for any animal to maintain even fair health under such contaminating conditions. No warm-blooded animal can possibly live in comfort and health where such a state of foul, loathsome air exists. Such is quite beyond all the laws which govern life. Health, under such circumstances, can not exist. I have had many queer experiences which bear directly upon this subject of pampering stock.

During the epizootic influenza of 1870-71 I was sent for by some influential gentlemen of Chicago, who owned valuable horses, etc. The malignant influenza was exceedingly fatal in Chicago, and, singular to some, the very worst cases which came under my notice were animals kept in horse palaces. Even in numberless instances, where poverty and exposure prevailed, the disease was much less severe or fatal. One horseman came for me, and upon arrival at his place I found a fine, high priced mare. I also found a stove in full blast, the air foul and devitalizing; not a single chance for a replenishing of the absolute life saver—air, fresh and pure. Mr. Blank said, "Well, doctor, what is the matter with Kate?" I said, "too much stove, too much pampering, lack of fresh air." "Is that all?" "Yes." We gradually lowered the temperature and admitted some fresh air, and the mare was out in three days. Give abundant fresh air, sunshine *ad libitum*, good reasonable care and attention, and all will go well.—*Dr. Wm. Horne, in Jersey Bulletin.*

Ignorance, prejudice and lack of energy are the ten-cent butter makers' worst enemies. Before they get out of their "slough of despond" they must stop sneering at "book farming." They must learn to read think and apply what they have learned.—*C. L. Smith.*

P. P. Paddock writes to the *Country Gentleman* that he has a Jersey cow in her 16th year that has not been dry in five years, and she is now making 2½ pounds of butter per day. He keeps her for the money she will return him, and not for fun or old cow beef.

Horse Department.

Coming Events.

Fairfield Park, summer meeting, June 22, 23, A. F. Gerald, Prop'r.
Androscoggin County Horse Breeders, summer meeting, June 29, 30, J. H. Twombly, Sec'y, Auburn.
Augusta Park, summer meeting, July 4, S. S. Lancaster, Sec'y.
Waldo Horse Breeders' Association, summer meeting, Aug. 24 and 25, at Belfast.
Kinwood Park, Norridgewock, July 4, Aug. 10 and 11, Sept. 14 and 15, F. A. Carlton, Sec'y.
Belfast Trotting Park, July 4, by Waldo Breeders, special races.
Bischill Trotting Park, July 4.

Waxana, the dam of Sunol 2.08¾, and of Warrener, owned by Messrs. B. & F. B. Briggs, Auburn, is a mare of marked individuality and character, and in her body are excellent types to pattern after.

There will be races July 4th at Norridgewock, Augusta, Bethel, Rockport, Woodfords, on the mile track at Old Orchard, and in several places in the eastern part of the State. The ball is well started, and evidently the public are ready to turn out and see the fun. It promises to be a trotting year all round, and that the tracks are all to be well patronized.

Some idea of the labor expended in developing muscle and fitting colts for possible trials of speed, can be gained from the following. Those who see only the track performance have but a faint idea of the painstaking patience exercised before the animal was ready to hear the tap of the bell. The San Francisco *Examiner* gives the following interesting account of the swimming tank at the Southern Farm, California. The tank is a simple affair. It is nothing more than a cemented pit 90 ft. long, 20 ft. wide and 8 ft. deep, with concreted inclines at each end, down which the horses walk into the water. Thirty yards away from the tank is a 10 horse boiler which furnishes steam for the tank. The steam is forced into the water through a two-inch pipe, and the water is kept at a little below blood heat. To make the bath more perfect, and to further insure against colds, the water is strongly impregnated with salt, about a ton and a half being emptied into the pit. There are provisions for emptying and filling the pit with fresh water whenever necessary. All horses swim naturally, but some of them do it unwillingly enough. When Tompkins got his bath ready for the horses he met a serious difficulty in getting some of his youngsters to go into it. An old cow pony was first tried. He snifled the water and went in with a lunge and a grunt. He liked it immensely. Then the young things were asked to go in, but they set up a mulish protest, and it took forcible persuasion to get them down into the water. Once they got out of their depth they swam right off. There was no trouble with any of them after the first immersion.

The other day an *Examiner* reporter and an artist saw the "swimming string" take their early morning work. The first animal led out was a gray filly by Figaro. She wore a halter to which were attached two long guy ropes. She came right down into the water and struck out. One man held a guy rope and walked along the side of the tank. The other rope was passed to a man who stood upon a swinging platform hanging over the centre of the tank, and he guided the filly from that side. The youngest swam to the end of the tank, turned around the platform in answer to a pull on the guy and swam down the other side. One of those laps gives about 90 feet of swimming. Three or four times she made the circuit, and then she was allowed to swim out to shallow ground and blow. She was puffing as if she had been given a mile or so at a stiff jog. It took but a few minutes for her to get her wind, and without bidding, she turned and plunged again into the deep water. Four more laps and another blow, and then another four and she was led out. Attendants quickly surrounded her and went at her with scrapers, bringing the water off her in streams. Then she was heavily blanketed and walked for 15 minutes. Led into a stall, she was stripped and the scrapers were again brought into play. The perspiration rolled off her under the application. When she had been thoroughly scraped out she was again blanketed and taken into the walking yard. She started another "scrape." That was taken off, her coat was then wiped dry with rub-rags, and she went to her stall for her feed. Her coat shone, and she was as hungry as a bear. Figaro is a 1,200 pound horse. He has plenty of speed, but his legs have been abused, and he has never been able to take a record because his weight would knock his legs out before he got into condition. He is half in condition after two weeks' work in the tank. He followed the filly. He took about 16 laps into the water, and was led out and blanketed. A walk of 15 minutes, and he went back into the tank for a second heat. That over, he was put through the rubbing, walking and scraping process, just as the filly had been, and then went off to the stable with his head in the air, stepping as proudly as a two-year-old.

So, during the morning, a dozen or more were put through the exercises. Every one took to the water as gracefully as a duck, and seemed to thoroughly enjoy it, though the swimming made them blow like porpoises.

Races at Waterville.

There was a fair crowd Wednesday and Thursday. The races were all two in three.

There were eight starters in the three-minute class, and three of them were close to the leader every heat. Henry James' bay mare, Maud M., had it all her own way in the 2.33 class, with Courier an easy second.

When the 2.33 horses were nearing the ¾ pole in the second heat, C. M. P. became unmanageable and ran, colliding with Maud Bank's sulky, smashing the sulky and throwing Maud's driver, C. H. Nelson, twenty feet over the fence and down over the bank. Nelson was stunned for a few minutes, but soon collected himself and found that the back of his head was badly scratched and ankle twisted.

The crowd quickly gathered around him, but he drove them back and said to his wife who had witnessed the accident from her carriage, "Don't be alarmed, Bertie! I am not hurt a bit. They can't kill me half so easy as that!"

Then, to every one's astonishment, he had his wounds bound up, and in twenty minutes was in his sulky again ready for the next heat. On Thursday, in spite of a badly swollen leg, he still persisted in driving his horses.

WEDNESDAY—2.30 CLASS.

Italia, blk s	5	1	1
Fred Wilkes, s g	1	5	5
Lady Nelson, ch m	3	4	3
Frank N., b g	3	3	2
Noseguy, b m	4	2	4
Calla Wood, b m	7	6	6
Alli Karli, ch s	6	7	dr
Bridgham, gr s	8	8	dr

Time—2.47¼, 2.53¼, 2.46¼.

2.33 CLASS.

Maud M., b m	1	1	
Courier, brn g	2	2	
Gen. Hancock	3	3	
Maud Banks	4	5	
C. M. P., brn g	5	4	

Time—2.36, 2.37½.

On the first day the horse Nelson was given an exhibition quarter in .36, and on Thursday a half in 1.12½.

THURSDAY—2.40 CLASS.

Guy C., Guy C. Edwards, Waterville	1	1	
Lester, C. H. Gilman, Waterville	2	3	
Gilmmer, C. H. Nelson, Waterville	3	2	
Hilton, A. R. Yates, Waterville	4	5	
Stella Rolfe, Patterson Bros. Winslow	5	4	

Time—2.37¼, 2.42½.

COLT RACES 3-YEAR-OLDS.

Von Helmont, Jr	1	2	1
Griffin, Jr	2	1	2
Sunburn	3	3	dr
Duplex	4	4	3

Time—3.16, 3.11, 3.11.

2.29 CLASS.

Silver Street, A. R. Yates, Waterville	1	1	
Maud M., Henry James, Waterville	2	2	
Brownie, C. H. Nelson	3	3	

Time—2.37¼, 2.33½.

Silver Street, the winner of the 2.29

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, June 23, 1892.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

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Collectors' Notices.

MR. C. S. AYER is now calling upon our subscribers in Oxford and Androscoggin counties.

MR. J. W. KELLOGG is now calling upon our subscribers in Penobscot and Piscataquis counties.

MR. I. C. LIBBY of Burnham, is an authorized Agent of the *Farmer*.

That was a copious rain on Sunday and Monday, adding to the happiness of the farmers, as it gave vegetation a great start, and saved the hay crop from ruin.

Pope Leo at Rome has sent a letter on the school question to the Bishop of the State of New York, in which he takes the ground that Catholics ought not to be taxed to maintain "the Godless common schools."

Within a fortnight it is estimated that the fury of the elements has destroyed the lives of no less than 400 people in this country, to say nothing of the vast amount of property that has been ruined. It has been an extraordinary season for this kind of visitations, and there is no sign that they are yet over.

While Bill Nye, the humorist, was romping with a party of friends in the plunge bath at the Saratoga mineral baths, Saratoga, N. Y., last week, his foot slipped, and he fell striking a china cuspidor. Mr. Nye's back and side under the right arm were severely cut by the shattered china, and the doctor says he will not be able to get out of bed for a week, at least. But when he does get out, look out for a vivid description of the "fall of China."

Dr. Charles Cullis, famous as a leader of the faith cure movement in Boston, and founder of the Consumptive's Home, died of heart disease Saturday morning. He has been ill for seven or eight weeks. He conducted his institutions solely on the ground of faith, believing that he would receive the necessary funds in answer to prayer. And the funds always came. Many in this vicinity profess to have received healing from their diseases through the prayers of Dr. Cullis.

The decision of Judge Haskell, of the Maine Supreme Court, in the Eastern Maine State Fair case was filed with Charles F. Sweet, Esq., clerk of the eastern law district, Thursday. The decision sustains the bill in equity, brought by HON. F. O. Beal and Ezra L. Stearns, Esq., and is a victory for them and against Mr. Bass. The case involved the ownership of the fair and the controversy arose three years ago over the disposition of funds, Messrs. Beal, Stearns and Bass being equal owners in the fair copartnership. At the trial of the case Mr. Bass alleged that the interests of his partners were forfeited on account of non-payment of rent and that the Eastern Maine State Fair Association had absorbed the whole fair.

The contracts for grading the new Bangor and Aroostook railroad for a distance of ten miles north of Houlton and five miles from Smyrnaville, have been closed, and the formal turning of the first sod took place on Tuesday, at New Limerick, amidst the booming of cannon, cheers and good wishes for the enterprise which means so much for Aroostook, and so successfully started. A start will be made at Brownville a little later. As there are now but four good railroad building months this year, after which come deep snows in Aroostook county, Houlton must wait more than one year ere she sees a train from Bangor over her new line, while Presque Isle and Caribou are two or three years away from the direct line, unless it is built to Mattawamkeag. It is given out that the building of the road will be let out a few miles at a time, which means that many contractors will be interested.

Some children who have parents of small resources are often more satisfied with what they have than the pampered children of wealth. A little boy and his sister in this city were disputing about some trivial affair—although it may have seemed considerable to them—when the boy, as if holding out appalling inducements, said, "You let me have that, and when papa comes home to-night you may have the piece of meat in his dinner pail, if he had any left over from his dinner!" As we heard the remark we thought how the value of a little piece of meat from the father's dinner pail by those children, ought to put to shame the boys and girls whose resources for pleasure are unmeasured, and the things which they waste and destroy with scarcely a thought, would confer untold happiness upon the little ones whose rewards of merit are in a left-over piece of meat in the father's dinner pail. Let this simple incident set us all to thinking.

The prospects for the lumbermen around Moosehead Lake are much less discouraging than they were. Although the spring has been very dry, still comparatively few logs will be hung up. The Roach River drive of 13,000,000 feet has been turned into the Kennebec, not a log remaining behind. It is expected that about one-half of the Moose River drive of 50,000,000 feet will be gotten into the lake during the next week. In the Kennebec the logs are moving slowly, and although the "head" in Moosehead Lake is two feet less than usual, the contractors hope to work them through. Fourteen miles of Dead River is jammed full of logs, amounting to over 3,000,000 ft., which, unless there are unusually heavy freshets in the fall, will remain there till next spring. The logs in the Penobscot River are still running, with only a few hundred thousand feet hung up on Seboomook Falls and other hard places. Thirty million feet have passed through Chesuncook Lake.

Humanity pays, even in dollars and cents. Secretary Rusk, for nearly a year, has been attempting to banish from ocean steamers the cruelty that has been inflicted upon animals carried across the ocean alive. So successful has he been that he now announces that the deaths of American cattle at sea have been reduced from 16 per cent. to one per cent. effecting a saving to the cattle trade annually of $3,750,000. It is of small importance that the men who have permitted such gross cruelty to dumb animals are to be saved the loss of this sum of money, but it is of the greatest importance that humane treatment has been made to take the place of cruel treatment in the conveyance of animals, as it has been made to take the place of cruelty in the railroad transportation of live animals from the plains of the far West to the markets of the East. A good many wrongs are doubtless not yet righted, but society is getting around to them in a very able and expeditious manner.

It was a strange proposition, that of Rev. Dr. Rainsford of New, York, an Episcopal minister, who took the ground that as long as people would drink, it was better for churches to establish rumshops, and have a fatherly care and supervision over them. Rev. Dr. Gumbart, a Baptist divine in Boston, shot the shafts of his ridicule at Dr. Rainsford's plan the other Sunday, and by carrying it to certain logical consequences, put it to a rather demoralizing test. "Imagine," said he, "a man coming home drunk from Rainsford's bar. His wife greets him with a tearful remonstrance; his frightened children shrink into a corner, for fear that the tiger in the father's heart will be let loose upon them. But the drunken father stammers, 'Now, my dears, don't be alarmed; this is one of Rainsford's respectable drunks. This is not the old tiger who has been in the habit of coming home to you; this is a respectable beast, run on good Christian principles.' And then as she continues to cry and protest, he proceeds to give his wife a black eye and to smash the rocking chair in a respectable but forcible way against the parlor looking glass."

THE ASSERTION OF ONE'S MANHOOD. We believe that the Keeley cure for drunkenness, as practiced at the several institutions in the country, has done wonders in the little time the system has been in operation. It has taken confirmed drunkards—men who did not seem to have the slightest control over their appetite—and weaned them from their cups; indeed, implanting in their very natures a distaste for the miserable stuff, so that they really turn from it in loathing. And if they have any further taste for it, it must be acquired, as it was in the first place.

But we think there is such a thing as resorting to this powerful agency when there is no necessity for it. A little of manhood, a little of grit, a little of self-assertion, is an excellent "gold cure." Any person of pluck and determination ought to be able to break up the drink habit in its preliminary stages, without resorting to any outside institution. We do not say that this can always be done in confirmed cases, and when the habit is fixed; but every young man who does not make an honest, faithful and persevering attempt, calling upon the help of his Maker, to shake off the evil, ought to be ashamed of himself.

The sad instance recently came to our notice of a young man returning to his cups after he had put them away for eleven months. If a man can leave off drinking eleven months, he can eleven years; and if eleven years, he can his whole life-time. The smouldering fires will after a while die out, unless new fuel is added. Why flee to an "institute" in such cases, when a little common sense, mixed with grit, will effect a cure at home? People often rush for the doctor when all that is needed is a little nursing at home. So, if the thing becomes fashionable, we may expect numerous applicants spending their money and time at these "institutes," when the cure can better come to them while about their regular occupations, in the exercise of a manly spirit, and a calm, though determined resolution. This is the most natural and the most reasonable course—one that appeals the most strongly to the self-respect and manhood of the individual.

While mingling with the affairs of this world, we must always expect to be surrounded by temptations. If a young man or woman wants to go to ruin, there are excellent facilities on every hand. The road to ruin, though crooked and tortuous, is sure and easy to be found, though "the end thereof is death." His Satanic Majesty's railroad is so constructed that it is all the way a down grade, the stoppages for supplies of fuel being exceedingly brief. At the beginning the victim enters beautifully upholstered cars; there are fruits and flowers, and singing birds and music to enrapture the soul; but soon all this is changed; these luxurious cars are exchanged for those bare and forbidding, *but you are on exactly the same track as before*, and the destination of shame and disgrace is the same. Let no one venture on this train with the presumption that he can get out at any station he pleases, and seek a cure at some "institute."

We say to those young men who are laying down their ten-cent pieces at these kindergartens of the institutes, the beer saloons, that just *now* is the time to break the bands while they may be as silken cords, and not wait until habit and appetite shall forge them into bands of iron or steel.

DEATH OF EMMONS BLAINE. The sad news of the death of Emmons Blaine, son of ex-Secretary Blaine, was received in this city, Saturday afternoon, and came with the suddenness of the lightning's stroke. As Emmons was very popular in this the city of his birth, there are only expressions of profound sorrow and sympathy for Mr. Blaine and entire family. The fact that no previous news of his sickness had been received, added to the stroke.

Emmons died at his home in Chicago at 11.15 A. M., Saturday. Blood poisoning, the result of inflammation of the bowels, was the cause. It was not till about a quarter of an hour prior to the fatal moment that the least intimation that Mr. Blaine was in a dangerous condition became known, and then only to a few. He complained of feeling ill on the Sunday previous. Unfavorable symptoms began to appear, and that night he retired unmistakably ill. Drs. Billings and Alport diagnosed the case, and at once discovered the gravity of his malady. The best methods of procedure were resorted to, and it was believed that Mr. Blaine's exceptionally vigorous condition would enable him to baffle the dangerous ailment. No alarming disturbance made itself evident on Thursday, and the family entertained no apprehension. In fact, only Mrs. Blaine knew the exact nature of Mr. Blaine's illness. Friday afternoon, however, there was a sudden elevation of temperature, and the physicians knew that their efforts had not availed to avert the dreaded outcome.

The sad news was communicated to the Blaines at Bar Harbor, and the people of the entire town were mourners. The stricken family started at once on a special car for Chicago, where the funeral was held on Tuesday afternoon. In accordance with the wish of Mrs. Emmons Blaine, the body of her husband was buried in Graceland cemetery, Chicago, in a lot adjoining the McCormick burial place.

Emmons Blaine was born in Augusta, August 7th, 1857. He was educated at preparatory schools and Harvard University. He entered Harvard in 1874, and graduated in due course in the class of 1878. He afterward spent two years in the Harvard law school, and after he finished his legal study there he went to Chicago in November, 1880. He had from his early youth taken considerable interest in politics, and was a valuable assistant to his father in many respects. His inclination and tastes were, however, in the direction of a business career, and when he was 23 years old he became a clerk in the office of the general manager of the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad Company.

He was promoted from time to time, and was sent out into Iowa as a freight agent, having charge of a small division of the road. He was then promoted to assistant general freight agent in Chicago. This position he resigned to take that of assistant president of the West Virginia Central, of which ex-Senator Davis of West Virginia was then president. He remained there for two or three years, when he became assistant general manager of the Baltimore & Ohio, with headquarters in Chicago.

A few years ago Emmons married Miss McCormick, daughter of Cyrus H. McCormick, the noted inventor and manufacturer of reaping machines. He had one child, McCormick Blaine, two years old.

The deceased was not only popular with railroad men, but was popular with all classes. Possessed of a trained, cultured mind, a generous, noble nature, he won his way to the respect and affections of the people. More than any other member of the family, he had the personal appearance and characteristics of his distinguished father. The waves and billows have certainly passed over this family, and in their deep affliction they have the tenderest sympathy of the entire nation.

The officers of the Augusta Trotting Park have made special efforts to afford an afternoon attraction of no small magnitude on the glorious Fourth of July, and the crowd, always seeking for the place where the most can be obtained for the money, will do well to bear it in mind, and make their plans to get inside the fence on the Augusta Park before two o'clock on the day of our national independence. There will be a series of races not to be excelled on any track in the State, and, in connection, as a special attraction, a balloon ascension, with a parachute jump, by a young lady, at an elevation of a thousand feet from the earth. The Directors have been fortunate in securing Messrs. Briggs of Auburn, who will show several of their celebrated stallions, with several of their colts. Messenger Wilkes, one of the most noted speed producing sires of the State, as well as one of the fastest, will be shown during the day, as also will Warrener, the full brother of Sunol 2.08¼, the fastest trotter in the world. Those who are looking for a full measure of sport, and a right down good time, will make their plans to come to Augusta and spend the afternoon on the trotting park, July 4th.

The Atkinson House Furnishing Company will erect a five-story building on the corner of Pine and Lisbon streets in Lewiston.

THE TORNADO IN MAINE. We gave in our last all the details within our reach of the infant cyclone that occurred on Tuesday of last week.

A chimney was blown down from a building in Upper Stillwater and the bricks fell upon the roof of Mr. Quimby's store, which had just been newly repaired and painted. The bricks went through the roof and the attic floor and down among the goods below, making quite a wreck.

The hail stones which fell at Greenville during the tornado are said to have been as large as hen's eggs. They went through the tin on the roofs of the Bangor & Piscataquis cars and made holes of considerable size. The tin roofing had to be repaired before the cars were used. The sheet iron on the locomotives was considerably dented by the big stones.

At Burlington and vicinity the storm was the worst ever known and crops and orchards suffered. Mr. J. W. Bradbury lost a colt, probably by being struck by lightning. Josiah Littlefield's barn was burned, with its contents.

At Saco trees were uprooted and some buildings levelled at North Saco. Lightning struck Geo. Stuart's house and rendered him unconscious an hour. He is partially paralyzed, will probably recover. The wind blew down John P. Bean's new barn, at North Saco, and a heavy timber struck his son, Geo. A. Bean, on the head, pinning him to the ground. It is thought his injuries are fatal. Several large barns, in Biddeford and Saco, were demolished by the wind. Much damage was also done to crops.

At Farmington hail stones, one inch in diameter, were picked up on the street. At the time of the storm the thermometer registered 94 degrees above; after, 66 degrees. Much glass was broken in buildings, and trees blown down. No crops were damaged.

At Calais trees were torn up, roofs blown off and considerable damage done to young vegetation. The lightning struck in numerous places. Several persons were slightly injured. Three buildings were lifted from their foundations and blown some distance in St. Andrews, N. B.

At Eastport some of the hail stones by actual measurement, were an inch and a half and an inch and three-quarters in diameter; none less than half an inch. The largest stones were of irregular shape, but smaller ones were like marbles and made a loud crackling noise as they came through the air. The big glass roof of Loring's photograph studio was completely demolished. The track of the storm must have been quite narrow, as reports from Lubec, two and a half miles south of Eastport, state that no hail fell there. But another squall, which sprung up at 6.30, did considerable damage at that place, twisting two or three houses and one of the factories from their foundations. The cost of repairing the damage of glass in Eastport is estimated at from three to four thousand dollars.

Heron Island, a summer resort at the mouth of the Damariscotta river was badly damaged. The freight house was blown from the wharf into the water, the hotel lost a chimney top and a large amount of glass in the cottages and other buildings was broken out by the hail. The damage is about $800.

The path of the storm at Bingham was about one-half mile wide and struck the village full blast. Twenty of the finest shade trees in the village were damaged, making some of the streets look very desolate. Glass was broken in sixty houses by the large hail stones, 571 lights in all, and other damage was done. The worst experience Bingham ever had in this line.

At Stillwater the church steeple was blown down. The store of G. R. Michauds was struck by lightning and a large section of the roof smashed. Other buildings were unroofed.

At Mariaville a barn was struck by lightning and several buildings burned, the flames communicating to several stores and houses. A house and barn in Montague belonging to Mr. Lancaster were struck by lightning and consumed by fire. The hail was the worst ever seen. Some stones were two and one-half inches in diameter.

At Lisbon Falls some of the hail stones were as large as hen's eggs, being two inches in diameter. Among those who suffered by the storm are the Wormubo Mfg. Co., breaking between six and seven hundred panes of glass, for M. D. Goddard, owner of the ho house. Nearly every pane of glass was broken, doing great damage to his plants. The demand for glass in the morning was large.

At New Gloucester, the heaviest part of the storm was on Gloucester Hill, where much damage was done to the crops. Hail stones as large as a hen's egg were picked up. All the glass on the westerly side of Mr. Nat Tuft's house was broken out, and the roof of his barn was loosened; glass was also broken in many other houses, and many trees were blown down.

At Fort Fairfield the wind seemed determined to sweep all before it. The barns of Capt. Wm. Poole on Caribou street and Milton Johnston's barn on Limestone road were blown down. Ambrose Foss' stable on Limestone road was moved from its foundation and the roof taken from his barn. A large new addition to L. N. Richards' building on Presque Isle street was twisted and considerably damaged. The covering of the bridge was also considerably damaged.

At Caribou Fremont Small's large new stable was blown down, and it will cost Mr. Small from $400 to $500 to replace it. Walter Black's barn was wrecked and a wagon and hay-rack were smashed. In the barn were two horses, four cows, a flock of sheep and some hens. The animals were found uninjured among the broken timbers while only one of the hens had been killed. James Doyle's stable is reported to have been blown over and farming implements wrecked. Patrick Kelley was also one of the victims of the wind, his barn having been demolished. The frame for John Gibson's new house on Washburn avenue was moved from its foundation and is in a sadly demoralized condition. A part of one chimney on W. P. Jerrard's residence on Main street hill was blown over, while several windows in different parts of the village were considerably damaged. Several stable doors were blown down, as also were quite a number of trees on different streets.

At New Sweden the wind tore down the L part of J. E. Lundvall's house, half of the smoke-stack on O. Iverson's mill, lifted the roofs from the stalls at the Lutheran church, twisted the spire of the church, tore down fences and uprooted trees in every direction. The road to Iverson's mill, from the Capitol, was filled with fallen trees and broken branches. The Baptist church is nearly ruined. The edifice set upon blocks laid in the stone underpining, and the wind moved it about three feet, tearing down considerable of the stone work.

Squirrel Island received a shaking up. The tornado blew the water-works wind mill down, blew in the windows of the cupola of the Chase House, letting in torrents of rain and drenching the house; blew in the roofs of stores and barns; tore off limbs of three men, and had to be held till the the storm was over; blew one of the chimneys off which came down through the piazza roof, smashing nearly twenty feet, breaking two of the posts short off; blew one of the new chimneys off the Pratt cottage, one from L. D. Emerson's and one from H. R. Butterfield's, besides ripping up scores of trees and small stuff around the Island.

The condensed milk factory at Newport of the Aroostook Condensed Milk Company, will be put in operation next Monday. The supply of cans, etc., has been procured, and it takes a very large number of them. At first about sixty hands will be employed, and the output of the factory will be between six and eight thousand pounds per day. The number of employés and the product of the factory will be increased as the demand for the condensed milk increases—as it seems bound to do. The company has a fine plant, and has made arrangements for a liberal supply of milk from surrounding farms and from greater distances.

Cards have been received by friends and relatives in this city announcing the marriage of Mr. Francis Loring Talbot and Miss Mary Edna Pettegrew, of East Machias, on Wednesday. Mr. Talbot is a graduate of Bowdoin, class '87 and is a young man of great ability. The bride is a most estimable young lady.

See notice of Grange excursion to Boston, to which we have before referred at length.

THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION. All eyes have been turned towards Chicago, this week, where are gathered the leading men and delegates representing the democratic party of the country at their national convention to nominate candidates to be supported at the polls for President and Vice President of the United States.

The different delegations filed into the city on Saturday, Sunday and Monday, with the beat of drums, the blare of trumpets, the ceaseless tramp of fresh additions to the democrat forces already assembled in the city, the waving of banners and all the manifestations of exuberant enthusiasm common to a national political campaign.

The hotel corridors re-echoed the incessant hum of conversation and the cheers with which the names of favorite candidates were greeted by their respective admirers.

There were speculations on every hand as to who would receive the nomination. The names of Hill, Boies, and Morrison were frequently heard; on Monday Gorman seemed to loom up as a formidable "dark horse;" but the name of Cleveland was heard on every hand, and went from mouth to mouth. His success seemed to be assured, and was freely talked. Mr. Whitney is managing Mr. Cleveland's cause. On Monday evening the *Chicago Tribune* gave as the result of a personal canvas the following figures: Cleveland, 518½; Hill, 175½; Boies, 35; Gorham, 53; Morrison, 34. It appears that the total number of delegates to the convention will be 906, provided it is decided by the convention to give the territories of Arizona and New Mexico six delegates each, as has been proposed. If this is done it will be necessary for the successful candidate to have 604 votes.

The Convention assembled at 12 o'clock, Tuesday noon, and was called to order by Chairman Brice of the Democratic National Committee. Hon. W. C. Owens of Kentucky was made temporary chairman. The following are the members of the National Democratic Committee:

Alabama, A. G. Smith; Arizona, I. M. Shannon; Arkansas, M. M. Rose; California, not selected; Colorado, undecided; Connecticut, undecided; Delaware, Lewis C. Vandergrift; Florida, Senator Samuel Pasco; Georgia, Clark Howell; Idaho, Frank W. Beane; Illinois, Benjamin Cable; Indiana, S. P. Sheerin; Iowa, J. J. Richardson; Kansas, undecided; Kentucky, probably Thomas H. Shurley; Louisiana, James K. Jeffries; Maine, Arthur Sewall; Maryland, undecided; Massachusetts, Josiah Quincy; Minnesota, Michael Doran; Missouri, J. G. Prather; Mississippi, E. B. Howey; Montana, W. G. Davidson; Nebraska, Tobias Castor; Nevada, R. M. Clark; New Hampshire, Frank Jones; New Jersey, Niles Ross; New Mexico, H. B. Ferguson; North Carolina, undecided; New York, ——; North Dakota, W. C. Lestikow; Ohio, Calvin S. Brice; Pennsylvania, undecided; Rhode Island, S. R. Honey; South Carolina, M. L. Donaldson; South Dakota, undecided; Tennessee, Holmes Cummings; Texas, O. T. Holt; Utah, Wm. M. Ferry; Vermont, B. B. Smalley; Virginia, Barton H. Gordon; Washington, John Sheridan; Wisconsin, E. C. Wahl; Wyoming, undecided.

The New England members of the committee on resolutions are: Maine, J. P. Bass; New Hampshire, Harry Bingham; Vermont, H. F. Brigham; Massachusetts, John E. Russell; Rhode Island, Hugh J. Carroll; Connecticut, A. P. Hyde.

New England members of the Committee on Credentials: Maine, George E. Hughes; New Hampshire, Irwin W. Drew; Vermont, O. C. Miller; Massachusetts, John H. Sullivan; Rhode Island, John Y. Parker.

On permanent organization: Connecticut, John C. Benedict; Maine, undecided; Massachusetts, John H. McDonough; New Hampshire, Albert W. Flynn; Rhode Island, W. R. Nichols; Vermont, J. P. Donnelly.

At 1.30 o'clock in the afternoon the convention adjourned till Wednesday.

The indications at all the meetings of the several delegations, all point to the nomination of Mr. Cleveland. On Tuesday morning followed the lead of Indiana and Illinois, and the 26 votes of the Blue Glass State will be cast solidly for Grover Cleveland. This result was reached at an intensely exciting meeting of the delegation. The Arkansas delegation met Tuesday, and instructed Chairman Rodgers to cast the solid vote of the State for Cleveland. Tuesday, near midnight, Ex-Secretary Whitney stated that Cleveland is sure of 626 votes on the first ballot.

Just before adjournment the convention performed a graceful act in passing resolutions of sympathy for Mr. Blaine in his affliction. Immediately after the adjournment of the convention the committee on resolutions met in a room set apart for it in the convention building and organized by electing Hon. Thomas F. Bayard, Delaware, chairman, and C. H. Jones, Missouri, secretary.

The convention assembled Wednesday at 11 o'clock, and made Wm. L. Wilson of Virginia, permanent chairman. Gen. Palmer of Illinois made an address, urging harmony. The committee on credentials reported. Ex-Governor Campbell of Ohio and others spoke, after which the convention adjourned to 5 P. M.

NOMINATIONS BY THE GOVERNOR. Governor Burleigh has made the following nominations:

Chaplain of the State Prison—Charles A. Plummer, Thomaston.

Commissioner to Inspect and Verify Median Lines at Houlton—Charles E. F. Stetson, Houlton.

Commissioner of Wrecks and Shipwrecked Goods—Forest S. Stevens, Cutler.

Trial Justices—B. B. Douglass, Dixfield; Albert L. Soule, Somerville; J. M. Holland, Mexico; C. Marshall Weston, Belgrade.

Notary Publics—John B. Trask, Dixfield; George A. Thomas, Portland; F. H. Jordan, Thomaston; Charles C. Hobbs, South Berwick; F. H. Reynolds, Bangor; Charles A. Harrington, Norridgewock; Horace Mitchell, Kittery.

Fish and Game Wardens—Llewellyn W. Kilgore, Moro; Frank W. Perkins, Bradley; B. B. Blackington, Hope; William C. Hayes, Foxcroft; Gilman Moody, New Castle.

Justice of the Peace and Quorum—Tascus Atwood, Auburn; Jason L. Doten, Cooper; Geo. A. Thomas, Portland; Geo. W. Sabin, Danforth; Albro E. Chase, Portland; Augustus Stevenson, Kittery; Frank Hawkes, Thomaston; L. Johnson, Hanson, Porter; Thomas Varney, Windham; Stephen D. Jellison, Otisfield; Charles L. Doe, Fowna; Wallace C. Tribou, Leeds.

MAINE RELIGIOUS NEWS. Some changes and improvements have been made in the interior of the Union High street church, Newport. They have a new pulpit and a new carpet, and the vestry is nearly completed.——Rev. W. W. Davidson, who has been employed by the Congregational church in Eastport for the past year, has decided not to remain longer than the completion of the year.—The Baptist Society of Tremont has a new minister in the field for the summer, Rev. Mr. Yates, who comes from a Western city, who will preach every third Sabbath at the Union church there, the remaining time being filled in other churches, in different parts of the town.——Work upon the foundation for the new Episcopal church to be built at Old Town, will begin in a short time, and the edifice will be completed as soon as possible. The plans and specifications are now in the hands of the contractors, who will soon make their bids. As soon as the contracts are closed work will be started.——It is reported $7,000 has been subscribed towards the fund of $10,000 necessary to build the Methodist Episcopal church in Portland, at Woodfords, to cost $15,000.——The State Convention of Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor will be held in Bangor on August 24th and 25th.

—*Mr. Editor:* In reply to M. F. W.'s query as to the cause and cure of stretches in sheep, I can say that the cause is in giving dry feed, and the cure is a feed of potatoes or turnips two or three times a week. If this is done you will have no trouble in that line. But for a sheep suffering with the stretches, a half cupful of equal parts lard and molasses, or a piece of raw salt pork, cut in pieces and held in the mouth until the sheep has been forced to swallow it, will give almost instant relief. I speak from experience, as I had a fine lot of sheep that I ever owned before I knew there was a cure for the stretches; but since then I have had no trouble with my sheep.

Yours truly, HIRAM MAINER.

SUPERIOR COURT IN WATERVILLE. A long trial ensued in case of Rebecca W. Gleason, libt., vs. Charles F. Gleason. This is a libel for divorce for extreme cruelty and abusive treatment, and was tried before the jury. The jury returned a verdict that the charge of cruel and abusive treatment and extreme cruelty had been proved, and that a divorce ought to be decreed. The case of Nahan Abbott vs. Simon Jerald, an action to recover $40 for eight sheep, is on trial.

—F. R. Lewis, a farmer living in Sangerville, on the road leading from the village in that town to Dexter, has an acre of land set to strawberry plants. He anticipates a heavy yield this season. Last year from twenty square rods of ground he harvested and sold forty bushels of berries.

REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION. This Convention assembled at City Hall, Portland, Tuesday forenoon at 11.40 o'clock, and was called to order by Hon. J. H. Manley, chairman of the State Committee. Prayer was offered by Rev. J. G. Merrill, D. D., of the Second Parish church, Portland.

Mr. Manley announced that the State Committee would present the following as the temporary organization:

Chairman, Hon. Herbert M. Heath, Augusta. Secretaries, Walter C. Emerson, Portland; W. A. Newcomb, Augusta; C. H. Prescott, Biddeford; E. P. Boutelle, Bangor; Arthur B. Staples, Lewiston.

Mr. Heath came forward amid long continued applause and cheers. Mr. Manley gracefully introduced Mr. Heath to the Convention, when the latter accepted the position in an able and eloquent speech.

Ex-Gov. Roble presented resolutions of sympathy with Mr. Blaine in his recent severe affliction, and they were unanimously passed.

The Committee on Resolutions were made up as follows: Androscoggin, Frank W. Dana; Aroostook, George H. Smith; Cumberland, Clarence Hale; Franklin, J. M. S. Hunter; Hancock, A. F. Richards; Kennebec, A. C. Stilphen; Knox, H. S. Shepherd; Lincoln, A. R. G. Smith; Oxford, D. H. Hersey; Penobscot, Chas. Hamlin; Piscataquis, F. E. Guernsey; Sagadahoc, F. J. Buker; Somerset, Abel Davis; Waldo, L. C. Morse; Washington, Herbert Harris; York, W. P. Tobie.

The State Committee was chosen as follows: Androscoggin, Seth M. Carter; Aroostook, Fred A. Powers; Cumberland, E. Dudley Freeman; Franklin, F. E. Timberlake; Hancock, H. B. Saunders; Kennebec, J. H. Manley; Knox, John Lovejoy; Lincoln, W. H. Hilton; Oxford, W. J. Wheeler; Penobscot, A. B. Farnham; Piscataquis, Willis E. Parsons; Sagadahoc, S. W. Carr; Somerset, J. O. Smith; Waldo, James S. Harriman; Washington, L. G. Downes; York, Charles M. Moses.

There were 1228 delegates present at the Convention.

In assembling in the afternoon the following candidates for electors were nominated by acclamation:

First district, E. M. Goodall, Sanford; second district, M. C. Norwood, Lewiston; third district, A. W. Wildes, Skowhegan; fourth district, Rodney C. Penney, Monson.

Hon. Joseph W. Symonds then presented the name of Hon. Henry B. Cleaves for candidate for Governor.

The nomination of Mr. Cleaves was seconded by Hon. A. B. Nealiy of Bangor, Herbert M. Lord of Rockland, Roswell S. Burridge of Whitefield, A. W. Gilman of Foxcroft, James O. Bradbury of Saco, L. T. Carleton of Winthrop, Hon. A. R. Savage of Lewiston.

Hon. Henry B. Cleaves was then nominated by acclamation, by a rising vote, followed by three rousing cheers.

A committee consisting of Messrs. T. R. Simonton of Camden, L. T. Carleton of Winthrop, and W. Matthews of Caribou, was appointed to notify Mr. Cleaves of his nomination, and request his attendance.

Clarence Hale, of the Committee on Resolutions, reported the platform, which was unanimously adopted.

The committee now escorted Mr. Cleaves to the platform. When he appeared, the band struck up "Hail to the Chief," and the convention indulged in long applause, the delegates cheering, and standing on the seats and waving their hats.

Mr. Cleaves then spoke for about half an hour on the issues of the coming campaign, and was applauded time after time.

The platform adopted dwells upon the unexampled growth and prosperity of the country under the administration of the republican party; economy in State expenditures; a pure and carefully guarded elective system; maintaining the rights of labor; encouraging the development of the material resources of the State; continuing unrelaxing allegiance to the cause of temperance and prohibition; advocating the protection of American labor, a sound currency in which the aim shall be to keep gold and silver at parity; the rebuilding and equipping of the coast and defences; the revival of the American shipbuilding and commerce; the regulation of immigration so as to exclude convict and pauper labor and criminal classes; a liberal system of pensions; a free ballot and fair count in national elections; the restoration of the republican party to power in the National House of Representatives, and rescue of that branch of the government from the control of the Democratic party, recognizing the remarkable success of President Harrison's administration; dwelling with pride upon the eminent public service of James G. Blaine; the State's great leader, James G. Blaine; congratulating the State upon the ability of Maine's representatives in Congress; and endorsing their candidate, Gen. Cleaves.

Hon. H. M. Cleaves had been notified of his nomination and had addressed the convention speeches were made by Hon. S. L. Milliken and Hon. C. A. Boutelle, after which the convention adjourned.

ACCIDENTS. John Newbert, almost 70 years old, at work drilling a hole in granite Wednesday, on Messer's wharf, Rockland, fell from a staging to the rocks below, breaking his shoulder and receiving other severe injuries.——Dr. F. R. Goff, of Sangerville, formerly of Foxcroft, met with a severe and painful accident one month ago. He had closed his office for the night, and on going down the flight of steps leading to it, by a misstep, he stumbled and fell to the ground, striking heavily on his side and breaking three ribs. He is now getting along well.——Thomas Jefferson Brawn, a farmer living in Guilford, had a narrow escape from serious injury a few days ago, by the breaking of an axletree on a horse rake with dressing for his land. He was riding at the time and was partially buried under the wreck. His valuable dog, under the cart, was slightly bruised.——James Leach of Eastport had a narrow escape from fatal poisoning through the careless use of creosote. An aching tooth had been giving him no end of trouble and thinking to alleviate the pain, Mr. James applied some creosote, and, instead of bathing the painful member with the preparation, he took a quantity into his mouth, and soon enough of the poison was absorbed to make itself very unpleasantly manifest. A physician was hurriedly summoned and after over an hour's work with his patient, pronounced him out of danger.——A son of John Laskey, Jr., of Eastport, twelve years of age, received a severe and painful cut of the knee, necessitating the taking of several stitches to close the wound, which was caused by his stepping on a piece of glass, a broken bottle, carelessly thrown on one side of the street where young Laskey and his companions were playing.——George Pickett was drowned at West Cove, Greenville, Wednesday night. He was in a canoe with a man who was intoxicated and tried to stand up in the boat. The intoxicated man was saved.——A young son of Ferdinand Bushway was drowned Friday evening at Brownville, while playing on the logs. The body was recovered.——Benj. Woodman, the young son of Milton Woodman of Saco, fell from a tree, Wednesday afternoon, and striking on his head suffered concussion of the brain.——At Bangor, on Friday, Mr. Israel Clark was struck by the mail wagon and fell, breaking his hip. He is a feeble man and was unable to save himself. The accident will confine him to the house for three months. Trees in various parts of the town suffered more or less during the storm.——Fred W. Stewart, a young man employed as a carpenter and house painter, went to the saw mill at Newport, Friday afternoon, to have a stick of timber sawed for a building he was employed to buy, he undertook to saw the stick himself, at the edger saw, with the result of running his hand on to the saw teeth, completely severing the four fingers and thumb of his left hand. Stewart is a married man with a large family of small children.——Bennie Haines of Freeman, 10 years old, went fishing alone Friday night. Not returning, search was made for him Saturday, and his body was found in a deep hole in Kent's millpond. It is supposed he slipped from a ledge.

THE SMALL BOY'S PARADISE—HIS GREATEST HAPPINESS IS FOUND IN THE CIRCUS. "The elephant will walk around and the band begin to play" on Wednesday July 6, when the Adam Forepaugh Shows will exhibit here in Augusta, and the small boy is consequently in the seventh heaven of delight. We are all more or less small boys in that respect, for after all is said and done there is nothing that brings so much real enjoyment as the circus. "Circus" is a most comprehensive term in this connection, for the Forepaugh "circus" is not only a circus, which includes the great Valdis Sisters in their double revolving trapeze act, but it has also a genuine Moorish Circus Co., a menagerie, a museum, an aviary, an equescurriculum, a hippodrome, a great street parade and a spectacle—The Fall of Nineveh. With all those features, save the spectacle, the public is already more or less familiar, and it has been like something bearing a semblance of a spectacle. But, judging from reliable newspaper reports, The Fall of Nineveh is a spectacle upon such a scale of real magnificence and grandeur that it so overshadows previous attempts at spectacular display that it might fairly be said that the real genuine thing in the way of spectacle has yet not been seen. The Fall of Nineveh is the production of Rettig, the world-famous creator and originator of the great out-door exhibitions, The Fall of Babylon, Rome Under Nero, and several others of that style. The Fall of Nineveh is his latest and greatest work and is the first of his mammoth original spectacles to be shown in connection with a tented exhibition. All others have been but spurious, feeble imitations. Great interest attaches to the coming of the Adam Forepaugh Shows and the Fall of Nineveh, and all the boys and girls, old and young, will want to see them.

Machine Oils, pure Paris green, insect powder, and many things besides good medicines, that farmers now want, can be bought to best advantage at Partridge's old reliable drug store opposite the post office, Augusta.

City News.

—Mr. Fuller has commenced operations on the 50 foot extension to his observatory.

—In view of the numerous fire alarms, recently, the question has been asked, "Have we a fire bug among us?"

—Rev. Mr. Mead of the *Gospel Banner*, has had the honorary degree of A. M. attached to his name by Tufts College.

—The pupils are this week saying goodby to teachers and classmates, and the long vacation will begin.

—Mr. E. W. Prescott, who travels for Silas Pierce, Boston, and has made his home in this city for some time, has moved with his family to Portland.

—The little girls and boys connected with Miss Partridge's Kindergarten gave a sparkling exhibition, on Tuesday afternoon, realizing more than $50, which will be sent to the Kindergarten for the blind, in Boston.

—The Fourth Maine Battery Association meets here to-day. Give the "boys" a cordial reception. A dinner will be served at noon in the G. A. R. Hall, and there will be speaking at the same place in the evening.

—The young men connected with the new hose company in Ward 1, are raising money with which to purchase a new uniform, and are meeting with success. The uniforms will be beauties, and will be ready to don about the Fourth of July.

—W. A. Reynolds of Sidney, who while working at the paper mill Saturday, fell nearly 25 feet striking on machinery, was reported Monday to be getting along nicely. It was a terrible fall though no bones were

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Items of General News.

"Bunker Hill day" was celebrated with great gusto in Charlestown, Mass., Friday.

Fifty persons were injured by lightning and an explosion of powder at Farmleysville, Ky., Sunday night.

A violent storm swept over the province of Burgos, in Old Castile, Spain, Sunday. A number of villages in the vineyards district were destroyed.

President Harrison was on Monday officially notified of his renomination, Gov. McKinley speaking for the committee. The President accepted in a brief speech.

John D. Ruggles who robbed the Redding stage and killed the express messenger, was captured at Woodland, Cal., after a desperate fight in which he was mortally wounded.

Alley Brothers, the Boston leather dealers, who failed a year ago with liabilities of $510,000 have retrieved their position and on Tuesday sent out checks making final payment in full of all claims against them.

At Tufts College, Wednesday, honorary degrees were conferred as follows: A. M., Rev. Isaac James Mead, editor of the Gospel Banner, Augusta, Me ; Rev. Sanford Perry Record; Ph. D., Charles Morrison Jordan, '77; D. D., Rev. Joseph Smith Dodge.

A heavy thunder shower prevailed throughout Massachusetts, Friday. Telegraph, telephone and electric wires were wrecked and made useless and many buildings struck by lightning. A number of people were affected, but none fatally. Several small fires were reported in different places.

Raritan, N. J., is greatly excited over the poisoning of 25 persons by eating canned beef. The beef was purchased from a local butcher last Wednesday, and since then those who ate of it have been very ill. It was thought for some time that several would die, but the physicians say they will recover.

The Massachusetts Legislature adjourned finally last after midnight, Thursday. Secretary of State Olin announced that Governor Russell had signed 429 acts and 106 resolves. He has withheld his signature from 11 bills, which have become laws under the constitutional provision provided in such cases, and he has vetoed seven bills, all of which vetoes, by the way, have been sustained.

The creamery building of the Franklin County Creamery Association at St. Albans, Vt., was burned to the ground Monday. Some fifty tons of butter and one thousand tons of ice were destroyed. The building and contents are a total loss, nearly covered by an insurance of $21,000. The creamery was the largest in the United States, and produced 15,000 to 20,000 pounds of butter daily. The company will rebuild.

Chas. Abraham, a French Canadian, in Boston, was arrested Saturday morning, for attempting to burn his wife to death. At 2 o'clock Saturday morning he came to his wife's bedside, poured kerosene upon her, struck a match, and lighted the garment. The woman was terribly burned. She says her husband frequently threatened to kill her. The cause of the act is said to be jealousy.

The stage from Valley Spring to San Andrews, Cal., was stopped on the road near North Branch Friday, by one masked highwayman who carried a double barrelled shot gun. He aimed the gun at the driver, beside whom were sitting two women passengers, and ordered the treasure box thrown out. A box was delivered and the driver told to drive on. None of the passengers were searched. The box which contained most of the treasure was not molested.

Four men were killed and twenty-five more or less injured in an accident on the C. B. & A. Railroad, Saturday morning. A construction train on the Keithsburg branch run into a drove of cattle three miles north of Gladstone and was ditched. Engineer Robinson was killed and his body found buried under the wreck. The construction train had left Gladstone and was going north when the cattle ran upon the track. The train consisted of the engine and a long string of flat cars. The engine was derailed and overturned. Ten of the flat cars on which the Italians were riding, were quickly piled in confusion.

Three persons were killed and two seriously injured, and the Grant monument damaged in a fierce tornado, but fierce, thunder storm at Chicago, Thursday. Lewis Myers, Mrs. Shelby and an unknown man were killed. The injured are Harry Phillips and Mrs. Hattie Olsen. The storm began with a slight shower, which developed rapidly into a small hurricane with heavy rain, vivid flashes of lightning, and terrific peals of thunder. There were many people in Lincoln Park, in which the monument stands, and 50 people sought shelter in the corridors of the monument. When the storm was at its height, the lightning struck the monument, taking a course directly through the little crowd who had sought safety in its enclosures. Everybody except three men were thrown to the ground. All were uninjured except those named. The bolt did not touch the bronze figure of Grant.

The little village of Ste. Rose, a fashionable summer resort near Montreal, was struck by a cyclone, Tuesday afternoon of last week, and houses were carried away by the storm. Huge trees were torn up and animals borne a long distance. The cyclone tore the village school house to pieces and the students were scattered like leaves, and the teacher received serious injuries. The children were carried in all directions by the wind and in some cases set down in adjacent fields. Two children were dead when found. One died shortly after, and twelve were seriously injured. The others were more or less injured. The bodies of the children were terribly disfigured. The cyclone destroyed the farm buildings and barns of John Thomas and Alpheus Kimpton. Mrs. Kimpton had her collar bone broken and her baby had its skull crushed. Houses were lifted bodily in the air. Water swept over two bridges 227 feet long and the waves rose 12 feet high. The cyclone also played havoc in other villages and several lives were lost.

The bridge over the Licking River between Covington and Newport, Ky., fell Wednesday, carrying down with it ninety cars and a locomotive, which is the number killed, one rumor placing the number at 12, another at 30, and still another at 88. The bridge was in course of construction and the cause of the fall is thought to be the weakening of the wooden false works. A force of 43 men were at work on the bridge Wednesday engaged in putting in place heavy iron work on the main span, when suddenly there was a crackling sound of breaking timbers and headlong plunge of the whole mass into the water, fifty feet below. A few persons were to be seen struggling on the surface. Others were drowned or crushed by the material. Twenty-two bodies have been taken from the river thus far. The bridge was being built by a syndicate, which has in view the building and operation of a line of street cars in Covington and Newport, in connection with the Cincinnati line. It crossed the river at 12th street, Covington, and was to be used for vehicles and foot travel as well.

Grange News and Notes.

—The next meeting of Androscoggin County Grange will be with East Hebron Grange the second Wednesday in August, at 10 A. M. The 5th degree will be conferred in the forenoon. In the afternoon Mrs. Ella S. Bordeau will read a paper, subject, "The Mother in the Home." Discussion of same. J. L. Lowell will present a paper for discussion, subject, "Care of Pastures." E. H. Libby, *Sec'y.*
Auburn.

—Somerset Pomona. The regular June meeting was held with Harmony Grange, an average number being in attendance from Skowhegan, New Portland, Athens, Harmony and St. Albans Granges. Worthy Master M. L. Merrill presided, and the Lecturer, Secretary, Gate Keeper and Flora were also present. Bro. Wm. McLaughlin, Master of Harmony Grange, gave the Pomona a cordial welcome, and Sister N. H. Vining of St. Albans Grange fraternally responded. "Should the Government Control the Railroads?" was the important question discussed by the brothers. It was the impression of the speakers that the railroad interests were steadily encroaching upon the interests of the public; that irregularities existed in the transportation of freight that in some way should be remedied, and that the passenger rates are too high. Worthy Lecturer Winslow introduced the following resolve, which was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the government should control the railroads to the extent of establishing milage rates on passengers and freight.

In the second question, "What Food is Best for Our Families?" was discussed mostly by the sisters. A class of eight was instructed in the fifth degree, and admitted into the Pomona. S. F. Emerson.

—The following is a programme of exercises for the meeting of the Somerset Pomona Grange, to be held at Athens Tuesday, June 28th. 1st. Address of welcome, Bro. F. W. Barker. 2d. Response, Bro. Ansel Holway. 3d. Question: "Should not the State maintain our paupers, and support our schools?" Bros. Wade, Jones, Boothby, and others. 4th. Conferring degrees. 5th. Select reading, Sister Ellingwood. 6th. Question: "To what extent should the husband and the wife mutually assist each other in the work of the household and of the farm?" Sisters Eaton, Barker, York, and others. 7th. Miscellaneous business.

I. O. Winslow, *Lec.*

Best Insect Powder, Pure Paris Green, Hellebore, and all the best insecticides sold at The Fuller Drug Store. Copperas, Chloride of Lime, Carbolic Acid, and all the disinfectants, as well as genuine medicines, pure drugs, constantly on hand at this well known apothecary store.

In the cemetery at Frankfort, Ky., is the following inscription placed on a tombstone at the request of the deceased, when dying: "Here lies Lieutenant D. Q. Rousseau. Slain in battle while fighting for his country. Born, bred, and raised in the bluegrass region of Kentucky, I gad, sir."

Pay the Price of the Royal for Royal only.

Royal Baking Powder is shown by actual chemical tests absolutely pure and 27 per cent. greater in strength than any other brand.

Many grocery stores have recently been stocked with second-class brands of baking powder, which are urged upon consumers at the price of the high-cost, first-class Royal.

These powders cost from 8 to 30 cents a pound less than the Royal, besides being of 27 per cent. less strength. If they are forced upon you, see that you are charged a correspondingly lower price for them.

The Markets.

Report of Watertown and Brighton Live Stock Market.

[Specially Reported for the Maine Farmer.]

LIVE STOCK YARDS, June 21, 1892.

Names of Drovers.	Hogs.	Cattle.	Sheep.	Veals.
AT WATERTOWN—None.				
AT BRIGHTON.				
Dennison & Rogers,	4			4
J. Connors,	23			9
W. W. Hall,	20			50
F. W. Thompson,	24			34
J. C. Libby,	27			45
A. M. Boggs,				4

The Aggregate of Live Stock at Watertown and Brighton Yards.

Cattle, 3976; sheep, 10,138; hogs, 29,319; veals, 2,410; horses, 634.

Maine Stock at Market.

Cattle, 98; veals, 146; horses, 94.

Exports of Cattle for Old England

The number of cattle started from this port during the past week were 2,811 head. Liverpool market a little stiffer, at 10¼@10¾c., dressed weight, less the offal.

Position of the Trade.

The call for beef cattle is not by any manner of means active. Dealers call the market dull, and they ought to know best, as they have the cattle to sell. Unless fancy, the cattle were being sold at 3¾@5¼c., dressed weight; if fancy, 6@6½c., dressed weight. During this month the supply of sheep and lambs is almost entirely from the West, with old sheared sheep at 3¼@5c., and spring lambs at 8@8½c. per lb.; not enough northern put upon the market to hardly make figures, but next month a new face will be put upon the market.

We note an advance in fat hogs equal to ¼@½c. per lb. This advance is started on Western live, and a short country lots put upon the market in like proportion. Country hogs at 6¾c., dressed weight.

Veal calves still plentifully received, and the trade good at Watertown with full prices received. Brighton butchers claim a decline of ½c. Taking the two markets, we note from 2½@5½c. per lb.

Milch cow demand somewhat moderate, still they sell after a fashion at a range of $22@$58 per head.

A dullness to the horse market. The season is so well advanced that the demand is quite limited, and prices range lower on all grades. Common horses at $70@$115; fair grade drivers at $120@$150; fine horses for drive, $160@$300.

Sales of Maine Stock.

P. W. Thompson sold a lot of 7 new milch cows, the buyer's selection out of a lot of 23 head, at $40 each; 30 calves, live weight 4000 lbs., at 4c. W. W. Hall is said to have sold his 46 veals, live weight 5800 lbs., at 4¼c, but come to question him he would not sell them at less than 5 cents, would rather have them killed. I. C. Libby sold 43 calves, live weight 5860 lbs., at 4c. J. D. Rogers, of the firm of Dennison & Rogers, sold 2 fancy Hereford cattle, of 5 years old, live weight 3710 lbs., at 5c, live weight, a likely pair, well fatted by E. T. Russell of Yarmouth, Me.; 2 new milch cows at $40 each; 4 veal calves, average 120 lbs., at 4½c. W. W. Hall sold 2 new milch cows at $40 each; 1 springer and 1 new milch cow at $38 each.

Remarks.

The warm weather put in an appearance last week and meats of all kinds do not stand up as in cooler weather, everything wilts, and the demand for meats has shown inactivity. It is quite important that dealers of live stock should not crowd the market, unless they want to be left. What we mean is that they must expect low prices, and if the stock is not bought low in the country, owners will be left without realizing a profit and will be fortunate if they do not suffer loss. The wise drover will look the market over on all sides, and there is a good many things to consider. Just taking stock to market and running chances, will not do, only in times when the markets are good. As veal calves are decreasing in supply, we may look for stronger prices. Hogs rule higher on such as are brought from the West. Maine drovers are handling lightly in live stock of all kinds.

Sales at Brighton Last Wednesday.

Something doing in milch cows, but dealers did not speak in flattering terms of the trade. A good variety was on sale, and dealers are receiving as much for cows by 35@$10 per head, as three weeks ago. W. Scollans sold 2 springers at $45 each; 2 new milch cows at $43 50 each; 2 at $47 each; 2 choice cows at $50 each. A. Williamson sold a choice cow at $55; other cows at $35@$45. Geo. Hallowell sold 2 milch cows at $35 each. Wardwell & Connors sold 8 milch cows at $49 each; 1 at $42 each; 1 at $55 that was fancy. J. S. Henry sold 2 fancy new milch cows at $50; extra milch cows at $40@$48; common cows at $22@$35. W. E. Hayden sold 9 cows at $33 each; 1 extra cow at $42. J. Carroll sold some milch cows at $25@$35. A. A. Pond sold 3 new milch cows at $125. D. Fisher, 2 cows at $30@$35 each. I. C. Libby sold 2 extra cows at $45 each; 1 at $47; 1 at $55.

Working Oxen—The demand quite limited. J. D. Hosmer sold 1 pair, girthing 6 ft., 10 in., live weight 2900 lbs., at $100; 1 pair, girthing 7 ft., live weight 3000 lbs., at $115.

Boston Market.

TUESDAY, June 21.

Flour and Meal. There is very little doing in flour, and the market is easy. Spring wheat patents are offered freely at $4 85 per bbl., but there are no bids at over $4 75 per bbl. We quote fine, superfine and common extras at $2 40@$3 40; extras and seconds at $3 40@$4 40; Minnesota bakers, clears and straights, at $3 90@$4 95; winter wheat, clears and straights, at $4 40@$5 10; winter wheat patents at $4 85@$5 35, and spring wheat patents at $4 85@$5 35 per bbl. These quotations include jobbers' and millers' prices. Rye flour is steady at $4 50@$5 00 per bbl. Oatmeal is in steady request, with sales of ground and rolled at $4 00@$4 75, and cut at $4 70@$4 85 per bbl. Corn meal is quiet. Sales of bag meal at $1 12@$1 14, and barrel meal sells at $2 40@$2 45 for choice kiln dried. Yellow granulated meal has been selling at $2 00@$2 75 per bbl.

Grain. The market for corn has ruled dull and easy. Steamer yellow on track here is offered at 66c; steamer mixed at 59c per bush. For shipment Chicago No. 3 yellow corn was offered freely at 57½@58c, and No. 2 yellow at 62c per bush. Oats are in steady demand, and prices remain the same. We quote clipped on the spot at 41@42c; No. 2 white at 41c, and No. 3 white at 40c per bush. For shipment sales were made of clipped oats at 41¼c; No. 2 white at 42¾@43c and No. 3 white 40c per bush.

Millfeed. The market for feed is quiet. Spring bran in sacks is quoted at $16 per ton. Winter bran at $18 per ton in sacks. Canada bran sells at $18 25 per ton, in bulk. Middlings are quoted at $16@20 per ton, in sacks. Cotton seed meal firm at $25 50 per ton to arrive.

Provisions and Produce. The situation on butter is just about the same as last week. Most of the butter on the market yesterday was sold at 20 cents for Western creamery extra, and 21 cents for Northern. One large receiver of Western reported sales to the trade at 20½ cents, but most of the brands which govern quotations went at 20 cents. Grades just under the best rule at 19@19½ cents, and others at 16@17 cents. Northern dairy sold at 17@19 cents, with a few selections at 20 cents.

Under the influence of inreased receipts and a slow trade, prices of cheese have settled down a little more, and remain in buyers favor. Northern goes up to 9 cents, but fancy twins can be sold at that price. Most sales at 8½@8¾ cents. For fancy Ohio flats 8¾ cents was asked, but good lots could be bought at 8 cents, and some inferior at 7 cents.

There is not much change to note in eggs. Western consignments take a wide range as to quality, some carloads selling as low as 15 cents, while others obtained 16¼ cents, and 16½ cents is the price for best marks. A few very choice Michigan bring 17 cents. Eastern are worth 17 cents, and fancy lots go higher.

Beans have been selling moderately at $1 85 to $1 90 per bushel for choice marrow pea, and $1 80 to $1 85 for mediums. Yellow eyes rule quiet at $1 80 to $1 85 per bushel.

Hay. Hay has been arriving freely, and there is some accumulation here. Only fancy grades of New York and Canada command $20@$21 per ton in car lots. Best Eastern rules at $18@$19, and ordinary at $15@$17 per ton. Rye straw is easy at $15@$16 per ton.

Augusta City Market.

WEDNESDAY, June 22.

[Corrected Weekly for the Maine Farmer.]

Beans—Pea beans $2 00; Yellow Eyes $1. 90

Butter—Ball Butter 15c. Creamery 20c.

Cheese—Factory and domestic new 12@14c.

Cotton Seed Meal—$1 50 per cwt.

Eggs—Fresh, 16@17c, per dozen.

Flour—St. Louis $5 00@6 00; Patent $6 00.

Grain—Corn 65c; oats 48c; barley 65c; Rye $1 25.

Hay—Loose $12@14; pressed $14@16.

Straw—$7 75@8 8.

Hides and Skins—Cow hides, 3c, dividing on 90 lbs.; ox hides, 4½c; bulls and stags, 2½c.

Lime and Cement—Lime $1 10 per cask; cement $1 75.

Lard—Tierce 7½c; in tins, 8@8½c.

Meal—Corn 68c; rye 90@1 00.

Shorts—$1 20@1 25 per hundred.

Provisions—Clear salt pork 8@9c; beef per side 5@7c; ham 10@11c; fowls, 12@14; chickens, 15@18c; mutton, 10@12c; spring lamb, 16@17; veals, 8; turkeys, 18@20c; round hog, 7c.

Produce—Potatoes, 30@35 cents per bu.; cabbages, $1.50 per hundred; beets, 50c per bu.; turnips, 35@40c per bu.; squash $2.00 per hundred.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
☞Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Portland Market.

WEDNESDAY, June 22.

Apples—Evaporated 7@8c per lb.

Butter—18@20 for choice family; creamery, 20@21c.

Beans—Pea, $2 55@$2 65; Yellow Eyes, $1 75@2 00.

Cheese—Maine and Vermont Factory, 10½@11c; N. Y. Factory, 10¾@11c.

Flour—Superfine, $1 25@$4 65; Spring X and XX, $4 65@$4 80; Roller Michigan, $4 87@5 10; St. Louis Winter Patents, $5 25@5 50.

Fish—Cod Shore, $5 25@5 50; Scaled herring per box, 18@15c; Mackerel, shore, extra, $13 00@14 00.

Grain—Corn, bag lots, 63@64; oats, 43@44; cotton seed, car lots, $25 50@26 00; cotton seed, bag lots, $26 00@27 00; sacked bran, car lots, $19 00@20 00; sacked bran, bag lots, $21 00@22 00; middlings, car lots, $20 00@22 00; middlings, bag lots, $22 00@24 00.

Lard—Per tierce, 6@7¼c per lb.; per tub, 6¼@7¾c; pail, 6¾@11c.

Provisions—Fowl, 13@14c; chickens, 15@17c; turkeys, 17@19c; eggs, 16@18c; potatoes per bush., 40@60c; extra beef, $8 00@8 50; pork, backs $16 00@16 25; clear, $15 25@15 50; hams, 11@11½c; covered, 12@12¼c.

Married.

In Belfast, June 16, Ansel Lothrop to Marcia A. Wellman, both of Belfast; June 24, Charles Otis Parsons of Northampton, Mass., to Mary Christine Dilworth of Belfast; June 14, Frank J. Higley to Kitty E. Conant, both of Belfast; June 15, William H. Skinner of Belfast, to Ida May Sheldon of Waldo; June 15, Leonard N. Penney of Northport, to Edith M. Wescott of Belfast.

In Brockton, Mass., G. P. Leonard of Brockton, to Nellie E. Young of Charlotte, Me.

In Bucksport, June, 6, Dr. John A. Beecher of Brockton, Mass., to Mrs. Mand Valentine of Lynn, Mass.

In Bangor, June 15, Fred A. Pierce to Mildred A. Whitten; June 16, Wilfred E. Mansur to Charlotte E. Brown, all of Bangor.

In Bradley, June 18, William Carney to Sadie Smith.

In Cumberland Mills, June 8, Edward P. Knight to Nina A. Frye, both of Westbrook; June 9, Fred Elwell to Ella Libby, both of Westbrook.

In Cape Elizabeth, June 15, John H. Henry of Portland to Alice L. Boucher of Cape Elizabeth.

In Deering, June 15, Rev. William Thayer Jordan to Nellie Bruce Small, both of Deering.

In Dresden, May 29, Admiram H. Ware of Pittston to Nettie A. Jones of Dresden.

In Ellsworth, June 5, Capt. Herbert S. Higgins to Elizabeth Smith, both of Ellsworth.

In East Lamoine, June 11, Jessie E. Smallidge of Gouldsboro, to Lena May Hodgkins of Lamoine.

In Grand Harbor, Grand Manan, June 11, Richard S. Waldo to Martha C. Loring, both of Eastport.

In Great Works, June 15, Hugh Morrison to Mrs. Jennie M. Crosby, both of Old Town.

In Gardiner, June 8, by Rev. C. E. Owen, Wesley Peacock to Bertha Wentworth, both of Gardiner.

In Hallowell, June 15, Harry L. Sands to Nancy B. Fardell, both of Hallowell; June 20, Horace C. Higgins to Verona P. Drake, both of Bowdoinham.

In Houlton, June 7, Daniel W. Vanwart to Bertha Dunn, both of Woodland; June 8, Edward Grant to M. Bulmer to Harriet A. Bishop, both of Bridgton, N. B.

In Industry, June 7, John W. Nichols, M. D., of Farmington to Bertha E. Johnson of Industry.

In Jay, June 4, William L. Greenleaf to Cora E. Paine, both of Jay.

In Jackson, May 16, Edward R. Billington of Troy, to Bertha M. Chase of Jackson.

In Lewiston, June 4, John Penney to Sarah Ann Bush, both of Lisbon Falls; May 30, Ralph E. Ward to Bertha N. Woodcock, both of Lewiston; June 11, James H. Atwood to Eliza A. Merrill, both of Lewiston; June 14, Henry C. Millett to Ida L. Grover; June 11, J. A. Scott to Maude Stevens, both of Lewiston.

In Lynn, Mass., June 6, Frederick M. Scott to Sadie A. Morris, both of Saiem, Mass.; June 13, Edward Albert B. Ferguson of Searsport, to Lydia D. Mayhew of Belfast, Me.

In Madison, June 12, Warren Oliver to Lizzie A. Fish, both of Madison.

In Mt. Desert, June 9, Edwin W. Seavey of Mt. Desert to Ellen A. Nelson of Somesville.

In Norway, June 7, Clinton C. Moserve of Norway, to Ella J. Edwards of Oxford; June 1, Hiram Berry of West Paris, to Angie Hopkins of Norway.

In New Portland, May 31, Fred Collins to Flavilla Wentworth, both of New Portland.

In New York City, June 7, Philip I. Sackheim, formerly of Gardiner, Me., to Ray L. Lipsom.

In New Vineyard, June 4, Reuben Conrade to Mrs. Melissa F. Lambert, both of New Vineyard.

In Northport, June 5, Capt. T. George of Bedding ton to Emma L. Swett of Northfield.

In Oakland, June 11, Frank Pottinglil of Waltham to Martha L. Blaisdell of Oils.

In Palmyra, June 2, Charles W. Boston of Palmyra to Nellie M. Hall of Detroit.

In Portland, June 8, Elton W. Coburn to Elnora F. Pettingill, both of Portland; June 9, Daniel Sawyer Stevens to Lena Hayes Goldthwaite, both of Portland; June 8, Charles William Paine of Gorham, to Mrs. Alice C. Holden of Portland; June 9, Thomas C. Robertson to Minnie L. Johnson, both of St. George; June 8, Harriet Pierce to Charles Edward Farrington of Boston, Mass.; June 15, Edward L. Dresser of Turner to Anna J. Bichue of Portland.

In Searsport, June 11, Frank Waldo of Belmont to Hattie Jaurdan of Searsmont; June 12, Walter S. Downs to Willie Bonney, both of Searsport.

June 11, Willie P. Tripp to Alice E. Wescott, both of Prospect.

In Rockland, June 6, Frederick B. Adams, M. D., to Emma E. Metcalf, both of Rockland.

In Strong, May 30, Alonzo H. Hatch of Carthage to Sarah W. Stevens of Freeman.

In Scarboro, June 3, Peter Welch to Mary A. Williams, both of Scarboro.

In Standish, June 5, Geo. B. Morrow to Florence Paine, both of Portland; June 12, W. Curtis Witham of Westbrook, to Lillian E. Paine of Standish.

In South Framingham, Mass., June 8, Joseph Johnson of South Framingham, to Angie E. Simonds, formerly of Waldoboro.

In South Waterford, June 1, Horace C. Smith to Linnie V. Young, both of Waterford.

In St. Louis, Mo., Edward S. Healey, formerly of Rockland, Me., to Martha Hodgdon.

In Saco, June 8, Arthur C. Freeman to Sarah H. Fairfield.

In Searsmont, June 4, Robert S. Keen to Mrs. Caro E. Thompson, both of Appleton.

In West Hampden, June 18, Wilbur Sawyer to Ella York, all of West Hampden.

In Washington, June 9, by Hiram Bliss, Jr., Esq., Benjamin T. Boone, Jr. of North Vassalboro, to Mrs. Lucinda Towle of Augusta.

In Winthrop, June 1, Geo. C. Hinds of Winthrop, to Ina A. Morse of Livermore.

In Westbrook, June 14, William Henry Brown of Milford, Mass., to Mary Ina Lowe of Westbrook.

Died.

In this city, June 19, Mrs. C. B. Chandler, formerly of New Sharon, aged 84 years.

In Auburn, June 13, Mary H. Hayes, widow of the late S. S. Hayes, aged 84 years.

In Bath, June 18, Virginia I., daughter of Enos F. and Mary Whitehouse, aged 2 years, 4 months.

In Bowdoinham, June 12, Oliver Maloon, aged 73 years, 9 months.

In Boothbay, June 11, Capt. John McFarland, aged 82 years; June 12, Norris, child of William Reed, aged 11 months; West Harbor, Capt. Thomas Berry, aged 83 years.

In Belfast, June 13, Scvillar, wife of Daniel Magoe, aged nearly 82 years; June 8, Ella L., wife of Charles H. Brier, aged 40 years, 10 months.

In Bethel, June 13, Augusta Ann, wife of Caleb Lamb, aged 47 years, 3 months.

In Bangor, June, 14, Madeline Adams, aged 18 years, 10 months; June 15, John Huckins, aged 91 years; June 14, Thirza M. McDonald, wife of Jeremiah McDonald, aged 69 years.

In Concord, Mass., June 3, Mary B. Mathews, widow of the late Charles L. Usher, aged 74 years, 7 months.

In Cape Elizabeth, June 14, Edgar A. Robinson, aged 36 years, 1 month.

In Denmark, June 8, Theodore I. Pingree, aged 74 years, 5 months.

In Deer Isle, June 8, Emma L. Green, aged 2 years, 5 months.

In Ellsworth, June 14, Flora E., wife of Allen C. Holt, 2d, and daughter of Charles E. Doyle.

In Eastport, June 16, Elizabeth A. Stevenson, aged 66 years, 1 month.

In East Sullivan, June 5, Elizabeth, widow of Franklin Buckley, aged 62 years.

In Farmington, June 13, Capt. Francis C. Jordan, aged 72 years, 7 months; June 12, Sophia Lyons, aged 76 years; June 14, Electa S., wife of Capt. Silas Ferham, aged 45 years.

In Islesboro, June 7, Michael J. Achorn, aged 47 years, 9 months. The remains were taken to Rockland for interment.

In Kingsbury, June 5, Mrs. Eliza P. Allen, aged 80 years, 5 months.

In Monroe, June 13, Hamilton Jenkins, aged 75 years, 7 months.

In Milltown, May 30, Minnie R. Blake, aged 9 years, 4 months; June 6, John L. Frost, aged 74 years, 7 months.

In Nahant, Mass., June 13, Anna B., wife of Warren F. Scammon, formerly of Weld, Me., aged 35 years, 4 months.

In Norridgewock, June 15, Catharine Doyen, aged 36 years.

In Robbinston, June 7, Lottie E. Vickery, aged 23 years.

In Richmond, June 13, Mrs. Rebecca J. Webber, aged 53 years.

In Salem, June, 11, Apphia T., wife of G. F. Briggs, aged 50 years, 5 months.

In South Waterford, Mary L. Green, daughter of William and Mary Green, aged 37 years.

In Swanville, June 15, Col. R. S. Smart, aged 77.

In Waterville, June 13, Adella L. McCausland, aged 16 years; June 13, Orrington C. Holway, aged 56 years; June 15, Adaliela M. Pease, aged 36 years.

In Warren, June 6, Nelle G., wife of Robert Walker, and daughter of D. J. and Louise T. Doane, aged 28 years.

In Waltham, June 11, George Haslam, aged 62 years, 8 months.

these celebrated horses have a full license to trot, and they are doing the work in good shape. No wonder they are in demand in the stud.

SUMMARY—2.40 CLASS.

Granteta, br m, (4) by Rockefeller	1	1	1
Maggie B., b m	2	2	4
Harry, ch g	3	3	3
Little Dick, b g	4	4	2
Time—2.41¼, 2.42, 2.46.			

THREE-MINUTE CLASS.

Gene Briggs, br s (4) by Messenger Wilkes	1	1	1
Happy Thought, b g	3	3	2
Canterbury, b g	2	5	3
Prince L., ch g	5	4	4
French Girl, br m	4	6	9 dr
Lottie S., b m	6	7	dr
Rose B., b m	7	6	dr
Good Friday b g	8	8	dr
Maud Lee, ro m			dis
Time—2.44¼, 2.46¾, 2.44¼.			

—Some good racing was seen at Liberty Saturday, the classes being well filled and crowd enthusiastic. The 2 40 race was won in three straight heats by Combination, the first heat being a dead heat for the second place between Bon and Adelaide M., who divided second and third money on the race.

Walter D. took the 2 30 in three straight heats, Frank Nelson taking second position each time. Cashier, after coming in third in two heats, was accidently wounded by a collision and drawn. The following is the summary:

2.50 CLASS.

C. B. Wellington, b g Ned Miller	1	1	1
G. O. Bailey, bk s Egypt	2	3	2
Wm. C. Marshall, br m Fairy	4	4	3
S. J. Gushee, b g Don	5	2	5
L. Bessey, b g Young Jack	3	5	4
Time—2.53¼, 2.51½, 2.50, 2.47.			

2.40 CLASS.

C. B. Wellington, g s Combination	1	1	1
T. E. Gushee, b g Dan	2	3	2
L C Morse, s m Adelaide M	2	2	3
Wm C Marshall, s s Fearnaught	4	4	4
Time—2.46¼, 2.47½, 2.46.			

2.30 CLASS.

Chas Haley, Walter D	1	1	1
S J Gushee, Frank Nelson	2	2	2
Chas Piper, D L	4	4	3
Kennedy, Romeo	3	5	4
G Ingraham, Cashier	5	3	dr
Time—2.34¼, 2.35¼, 2.35½.			

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Chicago Live Stock Market.

TUESDAY, June 21.

Cattle—Receipts 7000 head; shipments 2800 head; best steady; others weak; natives 3 50@4 60; cows at 1 00@3 00.

Hogs—receipts 20,000 head; shipments 6000; 5c. higher; rough and common at 4 90@5 05; mixed packing at 5 00@5 15; prime, packers' and butchers' weights 5 15@5 30; light 4 90@5 20.

Sheep—receipts 5,000 head; shipments 5000 head; natives and lambs steady; Texans weak; natives 3 60@4 60; lambs at 4 00@5 60.

New York Money Market.

NEW YORK, June 21.

United States Bonds, New 4s, (reg.),	116½	
" " " (coup.)	117½	
" " 2s (reg.)	100	
Central Pacific 1sts.	108¼	

Three Things To Remember.

Hood's Sarsaparilla has the most Merit.
Hood's Sarsaparilla has won unequalled Success.
Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes the greatest Cures.
Is it not the medicine for you?

Constipation is caused by loss of the peristaltic action of the bowels. Hood's Pills restore this action and invigorate the liver.

If sick headache is misery, what are Carter's Little Liver Pills if they will positively cure it? People who have used them speak frankly of their worth. They are small and easy to take.

Beecham's Pills sell well because they cure.

Editor's Table.

Black Beauty—Second Frank Miller Edition. Our first edition of this wonderful story being exhausted, we issue, on June 1st, a new edition from entirely new type, no advertisements appearing in body of the book. The cover is lithographed in eight colors, and has upon its face a beautiful picture of Black Beauty and his Friend. We take pleasure also in presenting as a most important feature an article written especially for this edition by Chas. C. Mehrdie, Esq., of Allaireby, New Jersey, on the "Improvement of Country Roads" Single copies mailed to any address in the United States or Canada, postage paid, upon receipt of ten cents in postage stamps. In ordering write name and address distinctly. The Frank Miller Company, 349 & 351 West 26th Street, New York.

Latest Horse Notes.

—Some good races were held at Windsor last week, the following being the summaries:

3.00 CLASS.

W S Sampson, Con Staples	1	1	1	1
A Patterson, Don Pedro	2	2	2	2
J Reed, Mollie E	4	3	3	3
J W Powers, Gray Eagle	3	4	4	4
H Thayer, Kitty C	5	6	5	7
W Achorn, Beau	7	5	6	5
W Grady, Maggie G	6	7	7	6
Time—2.49¾, 2.52, 2.53.				

2.27 CLASS—PURSE $100.

C Haley, Walter D	1	1	1
Geo Boyes, Gray Victor	2	3	3
C F Achorn, Dan Smuggler	3	2	2
Time—2.38¼, 2.37, 2.37.			

2.50 CLASS—PURSE $75.

Hoyt, Lady Hal	4	1	1	1
W S Lamson, Mermaid	1	4	4	2
W Y Ballard, Sidney	3	2	3	3
Time—2.45, 2.44¾, 2.45, 2.49.				

—Webster Williams of North Anson has sold an interest in his Dictator Chief stallion, Keno, to B. F. Hilton of Starks who bred the horse.

Poetry.

For the Maine Farmer.

Buttercups and Daisies.

I remember well the time,
When a child I wandered
Through the fields and meadows where
Buttercups and daisies grew.

Buttercups and daisies bloomed
There in wild profusion,
Nodding gaily to the breeze,
While the bees were humming.

Sing to me your sweetest songs,
Play your grandest music;
Yet I love the sounds I hear
In the fields and meadows.

Would I were a boy again,
Free from care and sorrow;
Just as happy, just as gay,
As the birds and flowers.

Lovingly they bid me come
Through the fields to wander;
From the city's dust and roar,
From the wild confusion.

E. G. JONES, M. D.

Our Story Teller.

JEFF.

"Listen! George, do you hear that?"

"Hear what?" I asked sleepily, and doubtless with a touch of resentment in my tone, for a fellow doesn't relish being aroused from his first nap after a hard day's travel, just because his traveling companion chances to be of the nervous, imaginative type, and hears "sounds" in the forest around camp.

"Don't you hear that dog howling up there somewhere among the crags?"

"Dog!" I echoed, incredulously. "Pshaw, Fred, there is no dog nor any human habitation within a hundred miles of this. I hear the wind moaning among the pines up there, that's all. Go to sleep can't you?"

Linlow made no reply, and I was dimly conscious, as I dozed off again, that he was still propped up on elbow, in a listening attitude. Hence I was not greatly surprised when, probably not half an hour later, I awoke with a start and found him bending over me, a lighted lantern in his hand.

"What's now?" I demanded.

"I just wanted to tell you that I am going up there a little way to see what ails that dog. I feared you might awake and be alarmed at my absence."

"I tell you, Fred, there is no dog; it is only the ——" Wind, I was going to say; but I did not say it, for at that instant I, too, heard the dog. A gust of wind came tearing down the mountain side, and close in its wake followed a long, wailing howl, faint with distance, or weakness, but altogether unmistakable.

"The poor thing is in distress of some sort, and I can't sleep; so I'd just as well go up there and try to find it," said Linlow, who, bless his big, tender heart, never could turn a deaf ear to a sound of suffering, no matter how low in the scale of living creatures might be the sufferer.

"It is probably some Indian's cur, and you don't know what trap you may be walking into," I urged. "Don't go, Fred."

"Can't help it, George, I *must* go," he answered. "I've been listening for nearly an hour, and there's something so piteous in the sound that I can't stand it. I believe it is some prospector's dog, lost from its master, and probably hurt and starving up there alone." He turned away as he spoke, but stopped when I called after him:

"Wait a minute, then. If you must go, I will go too; but—drat the dog!" I added under my breath.

"Drat" wasn't precisely the word I used, but it looks better in print than would the original, unguarded expression.

Then followed about an hour of such climbing, stumbling and scrambling about, among rocks, bushes and pitfalls as ever I, old mountaineer though I was, had never before experienced. Linlow, with the exception of his lantern, and for some time we were guided by the mournful voice of the dog, but as we ascended an echo caught up the sound and tossed it back and forth across the gorge, until the one dog seemed to have been multiplied into a dozen, and the answering howls came from as many different directions. At last Linlow paused in perplexity.

"I am half inclined to think that we have come up the wrong side of the gulch, George," he said. At that moment the dog seemed to give forth a final, despairing wail, and ere the echo could catch it, we had located its source among the crags that hung threateningly almost over our heads.

We started on at once, and though unguided by any further sound from the object of our search, it was not quite an hour ten minutes later, lying gaunt and prostrate upon a ledge of rock that jutted far out over the depths below.

Just beyond him, nestling close against the perpendicular wall of the canon, we discovered the dark outline of a rude log hut. While Linlow bent over the apparently suffering animal, I took the lantern and proceeded to reconnoitre the small edifice.

There was no sign of a window, but a rough chimney of sticks and stones jutted from one end, and a low entry-way, unguarded by any shutter, yawned blackly in the opposite end. After rapping on its jamb and receiving no response, I bent my six feet of manhood almost double and stepped through into the hut.

I held the lantern aloft, and the first object my eyes fell upon was the seemingly lifeless form of a man stretched on a low couch of skins and blankets in one corner. Naturally, somewhat startled, I drew back quickly and putting my head out, called:

"Fred, come here, quick!"

He came at once, and together we approached the silent occupant of the lonely abode.

Neither of us, I think, had ever beheld a more piteous sight, for the stamp of old age and extreme suffering was apparent at a glance. The long, unkempt hair and beard were white; the features were drawn and emaciated, and the hands that seemed to clutch the coarse gray blankets of the couch were shriveled and shrunken until the bones appeared almost to gleam through the yellow skin.

In the first moment neither of us doubted that we stood in the presence of death; but a near approach, and the utter absence of any evidence of the consciousness of life, to bend over and place his hand on the motionless breast. He turned excitedly.

"The heart beats! he is not dead!"

Even as he spoke the eyes, dull as oyster of the emaciated frame, and the closed lids suddenly opened, and a pair of sunken eyes gleamed at us from their hollow sockets.

"Be yuh—*officers?*"

The words were gasped in a terror that was pitiable in its utter defenselessness. We hastened to assure the poor wretch that we were only a pair of solitary wanderers, ready and willing to do all we could for him. He looked at us long and searchingly.

"It's sort o' queer," he muttered, at length. "I've been here many a day, an' no man ever been here before. I didn't know't God was down on me, I'd most b'lieve he sent yuh. Mebbe He did—seein' as I'm on my last legs an' mighty bad off—mebbe he did."

Then Linlow, in his tender way, his voice low and gentle, explained how we had been in the camp in the gulch below, and were attracted by the mournful howling of the dog.

"But when I see that look on Mary's face I shet up an' went off by myself, an' waited for night to come.

"No use tryin' to tell yuh, friends, how I felt that day. If somebody yuh loved dearer'n life had been bit by a mad dog, an' yuh'd watched for fifteen long years for some sign o' that awful disease, an' the sign had kem at last mebbe yuh'd 'a' felt somethin' as I felt then—you'd 'a' knowed that the sign meant death, an' that's what I knowed. I had watched my little gal was a baby, that if she ever took one step in the track 'er mother'd made fer 'er, I'd shoot 'er dead. An' now the time had come. No use tryin' to tell yuh about my feelin's; I'll jest tell yuh what I *done*.

"I hid myself an' watched, when night kem, an' about 10 o'clock I see Mary come slippin' out the back door with a white dish in 'er hand and go stealin' off down the meader path that led to the woods.

"That was enough fer me. I went into house an' got my ol' rifle an' followed 'er, an' though I didn't catch sight of 'er again, I kep' right on till I see the water o' the lake a gleamin' in the dim light o' the new moon. Jest across the lake, in the edge o' the trees, was the Jago cabin, lookin' black an' all as still as death. I set my teeth together an' I crep' around the lake an' right up to the hut an' puttin' my ear to a chink, listened for a minute, an' this is what I heard:

"'Good night, dear ol' fellow, good night; an' don't yuh fear that I'll forsake yuh; I'll be here agin tomorrow night an' every night till your wound is healed it' they'll only leave yuh here in peace. If they don't, then, dear, I'll stan' by yuh an' fight for yuh. Good night.'

"It was Mary's voice an' it was low, an' tender, an' caressin', an' O God! it set my brain an' my heart on fire! I heard the ol' door screrk, an' I stood up, an' Mary kem around the corner, an' I lifted my rifle an' fired.

"She never uttered a sound, but jest dropped down in 'er tracks. An' I stepped around 'er an' went into the cabin to finish my work.

"It was pitch dark in there, an' I had to light a match, an' when it flared up, what do yuh s'pose I saw? Over in a corner in a little bed o' leaves an' rags, lay ol' Jeff, Mary's dog, that I'd condemned to be shot ten days before! His wounded leg was all bandaged up, an' he was eatin' off a plate on the ground, the plate I'd just seen Mary a carryin'.

"Do yuh see, friends? I'd shot my own little innocent gal, jest for lovin' 'er ol' pet dog, an' tryin' to save 'is life!

"I think I cried out as if I had been shot myself, an' I run out an' fell down alongside o' Mary, an' took 'er in my arms, an' begged an' prayed for 'er to speak an' tell me she wasn't dead, an' that she'd try to forgive me. She opened 'er eyes at last, an' looked at me as if she was tryin' hard to understand it all; then she put up a little, white, tremblin' hand, an' stroked my rough ol' face.

"'Pore daddy,' she whispered, 'pore ol' daddy.'

"That broke me all up, an' while I was sobbin' and prayin' my little girl was dyin'. She never spoke no more.

"Well friends if I'd been a man, I'd 'a' put a bullet into my own brain then. But I didn't. I carried Mary home an' laid 'er on 'er own little white bed; then I went back to the cabin an' took the ol' dog she'd loved so, an' him an' me's been on the tramp ever since. That's more'n twelve year ago. I hain't never seen my little gal's grave. If I'd gone near the Gulch they'd 'a' lynched me, for they all loved Mary, God bless 'em, an' knowed 'er little soul was—white—as snow."

The closing words were gasped out with an effort, and the old lay for some moments breathing heavily, greatly exhausted.

"'Pears like I'm all tired out with talking'," he murmured. "I'm 'feared I'm goin' to fall asleep agin an' dream; it's awful to dream."

He gazed at us piteously, as if imploring our help in his battle with sleep and dreams, but the unequal conflict was nearly ended. A few hours later he drifted unconsciously into the sleep that knows not dreams or waking. Very near the last he opened his eyes and whispered anxiously:

"Yuh'll be good to Jeff, won't you for Mary's sake?"

And Linlow answered with tears in his eyes, "For Mary's sake."

Wit, Humor, and Pleasantries.

Those who wish to be specially elegant, says a fashion note, put nothing but the coat-of-arms on the rim of the plate, and the family initials in the center. There are still a good many of another class who prefer ham and eggs in the center.

"George, dear, you know this is my birthday. How are you going to celebrate it?"

"Sarah, I have thought of it, and by scrimping and saving I was able to get a sixty dollar suit."

"George, you darl——"

"For myself."

He gazed in wonder at the stars
The mighty telescopes reveal,
But later he saw many more
By stepping on a banana peel.

A Pennsylvania minister received $15,500 damages from a railroad company for the loss of a foot. He is in a good deal of a dilemma when he wants to put the best foot foremost.

In base ball, a pitch in time will save nine.

She—you may keep the photograph, but—although I am not indifferent to you, I—I am so happy as I am in my father's house that—

He—Of course, I know you are not mercenary, but if you marry me I promise you every luxury that your father can afford.

Bay Ir President—You can assure us, can you, that you understand figures, and are quick at them?

Applicant—Oh, yes, indeed; I have led the german hundreds of times.

The restaurant dish of strawberries and cream illustrates well what can be made of "little drops of water and little grains of sand."

A lady of about 30 years of age married a wealthy old bachelor of Dallas, Tex. A female friend asked her: "But, tell me, why didn't you marry your husband ten years ago?" "Well, you see ten years ago I thought he was too old for me."

COMMENCEMENT AT BILLVILLE.

Commencement's come at Billville—the girls are in the show,
A-smilin' an' beguilin' in a mass o' calico;
An' they're sights! speechifyin'—got the reins with out a check,
An' the boy is still a-standin' on the usual burnin' deck!

An' Mary's got her little lamb—as gentle as a shoat,
An' not a single drum is heard—not even a funeral note;
An' iser's rollin' rapidly—you almost see it shine,
An' some are born as Bingen—at Bingen on the Rhine!

They've gone like two-forty—the town can't get to sleep;
For, Pilot, 'tis a fearful night, there's danger on the deep;
And Curfew shall not ring to-night—they've sworn it, and they know,
Commencement's come at Billville, and the girls are in the show.

BATTLING WITH A DEER. William Vosburg, a former resident of this (Jackson) county, and living on what is known as the South Fork, lowa, one day took his axe and dinner basket with them, and went to South Grove, a small patch of timber, to chop some wood and make rails. It was a very cold day and Vosburg left his gun, thinking that he would have no use for it, as game was getting quite scarce in that section of the State. He chopped away briskly, scarcely stopping long enough to eat his lunch, when about 3 o'clock in the afternoon he heard several dogs yelping as if they were after some animal, and as he turned in his eyes in the direction from which the sounds came, he discovered a large buck deer coming directly toward him. Apparently, however, it had not yet noticed him, for it kept turning its head backward frequently, to watch for the hounds.

Vosburg had felled a tree only a few moments before, and as he saw the deer was likely to come close by, he stepped to where he took his axe and crept in among the branches, awaiting the animal's approach. The leaves and branches were so thick that he found it difficult to tell when the deer was near him, and just as he went to peek out and ascertain where it was it jumped in among the leaves and branches within three feet of him. At first, when it discovered his presence, it seemed very much surprised, but its surprise quickly changed to anger, and with hair erect and head lowered, it at once assumed a warlike attitude, as though it had determined to make an attack. Man and buck stood eyeing each other for a moment only, for Vosburg quickly resented the deer's animosity and made a pass at it with the axe, anticipating that it would only be a small job to carve his deership with decided effect, but the deer was altogether too wary for its antagonist, and dodged the blow as easily as though it thoroughly understood the art of pugilism and disliked to be caught by such tactics.

Missing his aim and the axe slipping from his hands, Vosburg was now at a disadvantage and his only alternative was to close in with the deer, which he did by grasping it around by the horns and jaw. Vosburg was a good boxer and wrestler, and thoroughly the art of handling himself, and the struggle was in consequence very much in his favor. The deer was a powerful animal to be sure, but Vosburg, as made some terrific lunges, carrying Vosburg with it until they finally cleared the brush and both were out on the open ground. Then, supposing that the deer only wanted to be free and would leave him alone if turned loose, Vosburg loosened all holds. Quick as thought the buck dashed at its antagonist with double fury, and would probably have given him a fatal wound with the sharp points of its horns, had the latter not dodged and once more seized the animal by the head and nose.

This time Vosburg threw the deer on its back, but both tumbled down together, the deer's feet tearing Vosburg's pants and hunting shirt until they were only shreds, and also lacerating his flesh severely. Loosing his hold on the deer's horns with his right hand Vosburg grasped a large knife, which he was in the habit of carrying in his belt, and plunged it into the animal's throat several times, finally severing a vein which caused the blood to flow rather freely.

The deer again sprang to its feet and Vosburg had to drop his knife and once more grasp its horns, and another desperate struggle followed, but at last Vosburg got hold of his knife again and with a powerful swipe he almost severed the deer's head from its body, and it fell over and died immediately. Vosburg was quite exhausted, but he managed to reach his home, though all covered with blood. It was only his strength and pugilistic abilities that saved him. During the progress of the fight the hounds came up, but, to Vosburg's disgust, they refused to assist him in wining the victory.

SPURGEON'S WIT. Here is a good instance, not of a joke, but of a piece of ready wit which Spurgeon did not keep to himself:

Three young fellows came in and settled themselves conspicuously in the gallery with their hats on. In vain the officials requested them to uncover. Of course, Mr. Spurgeon's eye was soon upon them, and, leading his discourse round to the respect which all Christians are bound to show for the feelings of others, he said: "My friends, the other day I went into a Jewish synagogue, and I naturally uncovered my head; but on looking round I perceived that all the rest wore their hats; and so, not wishing to offend against what I supposed to be their reverent practice, though contrary to my own, I conformed to Jewish use and put on my hat. I will now ask those three young Jews up in the gallery to show the same deference to our Christian practice in the house of God as I was prepared to show them when I visited their synagogue, and take off their hats." Seldom has there been a rebuke so genial, so witty and so just.

A HERO WHO GAVE UP HIS LIFE. One of the heroes of the Oil City (Pa.) disaster, who gave his life for that of others, was William L. Stewart of Siverlyville, a small village about a mile up Oil Creek. When the disaster occurred, Stewart ran to his home in Siverlyville and dragged a boat to the waters' edge. He braved the death that moved on the waters, and was one of those who helped to save the West Side victims. For an hour he helped to drag people out of houses on the banks of Oil Creek, and bore them in his boat to safety. A great wave of naphtha approached over Stewart's head, a house cracked, and in an instant he was engulfed in a mass of mortar, oil and flame. From below the river streiched out a hundred tongues, from above came a shower of timbers and plaster. Stewart was killed outright. He died at his post almost in the very act of snatching lives from the raging elements. His body was fearfully battered and burned.

Hicks: "Hello, old boy! Where're you bound now?"

Wicks: "Going to the hotel to get my dinner."

Hicks: "Why don't you dine at home? Always heard that Mrs. W. was an excellent cook."

Wicks: "Ah! but my dear fellow, that was before she bought a cook book."

Young Folks' Column.

Tom's Make-Up Party.

"Uncle Jim!"

The voice was Tom's; and if Uncle Jim hadn't heard that same voice many times before on this particular day, which seemed as if it would never end, he wouldn't have been so slow about answering. As it was, he pretended he didn't hear. It was of no use.

"Uncle Jim!"—and this time Tom spoke more decidedly. "Won't you please to listen? I have to be paid 'tention to, on account of 'cause I've got a sore froat."

Uncle Jim put down his paper with a groan, as he replied:

"Yes, Thomas. I quite understand. If this were the first time, or even the one hundred and first, in which you had demanded sympathy for that afflicted organ, I should doubtless respond with more alacrity."

Tom looked puzzled. "Please to don't talk big words to me, Uncle Jim, I'm in a perfectly nawful hurry, and I want to know can I have a make-up party."

"You may have any thing short of a bonfire on the roof," said Uncle Jim rashly.

"And may I ask Ned Miller? and Janie and Allen and the twins, and"—

"You may ask every boy and girl in town," interrupted the reckless uncle, "if only you'll let me finish my paper."

"And Jack Stone?" went on Tom, regardless.

"Jack Stone? I thought you and Jack had had a dreadful quarrel this morning, and you weren't ever going to speak to him again."

"Yes, sir, we did," said Tom hanging his yellow head a little, and looking confused, "That's why I had a make-up party."

"All right, all right." Uncle Jim dropped backed into his chair again, not comprehending in the least what he had pledged himself to support, and murmured: "I'll never do it again! A whole day of Tom, with his mother and father away. I only hope we'll all live until night."

Meanwhile, Tom had rushed off to Ellen, his sworn ally, to beg for provisions for the coming guests.

"And Ellen," he said, following her from pantry to kitchen, and back again "what may we have?"

"There's ginger-cookies, Tommy, and you can have apples, and the bananas in the fruit-dish, and I'll make you a pitcher of lemonade. Will that do?"

"Yes, thanks,—but please make a lot, Ellen; don't forget," and Tom was off like a shot, down to the orchard where the children had held many a gay picnic, to see that all the dishes were in order.

Queer thoughts were at work under the yellow curls, as he dragged out from the old hollow tree his basket of "dishes,"—clam-shells, a wooden plate, some saucers that had done good service in the house, and a broken teacup.

"The fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace."

Tom was saying it over and over to himself very slowly, because it was hard to remember, and he had learned it only yesterday.

Mamma had heard him recite it, and he had asked her what it meant. Usually she answered all such questions, but this time she had said: "Tom dear, I think you would remember better, if you thought it out for yourself. If you haven't found out by the time I come home, I will tell you." There was such a look on her face that Tom wondered if she knew about Jack and Allen.

And hadn't he thought? He had puzzled over it for two whole days, and that was a very long time for Tom to puzzle over anything.

Now he thought he had found out. At any rate, he was going to try his way; for he was a fearless, independent little boy, and mamma always let him work things out for himself, where she thought it wise.

So he took from his pocket a big piece of brown paper, and a stubby pencil with a doubtful point, and with much care and labor he printed in crazy capitals:

"I want every boddy thats mad at me to come to a make-up party in the orchurd rite after school.

TOM."

Then he ran back to Ellen, and asked her when school would be out.

"In half an hour," she said.

So Tom, armed with four tacks and a hammer, sped away, back through the orchard and into the school-house lane.

There he stopped by the big chestnut tree, and, taking out his piece of brown paper, he tacked it fast, his heart beating very hard all the time, and his feet wanting very much to run away.

Fleeing back to the safe shelter of the stone wall that separated the orchard from the lane, he crouched down in a spot that faced the chestnut tree, and waited.

Down by the brook, where he had spread out his dishes, he could see Ellen, as she put down the basket which held the cookies and the apples, and went back for the big pitcher of lemonade.

"I wonder what was mad at me, so's she could come," thought Tom, "and uncle Jim. Well I shu'n't wonder 'f Uncle Jim was, but I guess I won't ask him."

Just then he heard shouts, and saw the children, free from school, come running down the lane.

Suddenly some one spied the placard on the tree, and they gathered around like a swarm of bees.

Tom could hear the murmur of their talk as they read and re-read it, and wondered what it could mean.

It seemed a long, long time to the little waiting host behind the stone wall before his guests, in a rebellious group, all chattering earnestly, moved slowly down to the orchard.

There was Jack Stone, from whom he had parted only that morning with angry words; there was Ned Miller, and hadn't he torn Ned's kite yesterday, and refused to say he was sorry? There was little Janie, carrying the very doll that he had dangled on a tree; and he and Allen had made faces at each other through the fence all week! And the twins, with the very same sun-bonnets on that he had said looked like tomato soup.

Oh! it was a very much ashamed little boy that waited there behind the wall, and I don't think I should want to tell you about him if he hadn't been so truly sorry.

When they reached the "stepping-over place" in the wall, Tom could hear them, his cheeks just as red as grandma's roses, and a very queer lump in the "sore froat."

But he tried to make believe it was all right as he said, "Hello, Ned! Hello, Allen! Let's come on up here," and he led the way to the brook, where the "party" was to be.

Silently the little band followed him, and there was a very awkward minute as they all stood around the cookies spread out in tempting array.

I'm sure I don't know even then what would have happened if it hadn't been for Ellen, who came down the path with a covered dish in her hands, calling out cheerily, "Who wants some nice fresh crullers?"

That broke the ice. Who could resist warm crullers? "I!" "And me!" "Me too!" came from all the queer little party; and in two minutes they were laughing and eating and playing as merrily as if nothing had happened.

What success it was, that make-up party, and how glad Tom felt when he crept into bed that night, and remembered that he was at peace with all the world!

That isn't the way he put it. He said, "I'm so glad vere isn't anybody mad at me now."

Suddenly an uneasy suspicion took possession of his soul.

He was out of bed in a twinkling, and in his little white nightgown, all barefoot as he was, he scudded down the hall to the room where Uncle Jim sat in blessed solitude.

In a minute more he was on Uncle Jim's knee. Then there was a pause.

Then Uncle Jim said patiently, "Well, Tommy, boy, what brought you out of your warm bed? It isn't good for little boys who have had a sore throat to run about barefoot this way."

Tom did not reply directly.

"Uncle Jim," he asked slowly, "have I been a bover? I heard you say you were 'scouraged to deff, and I fought perhaps you was sort o' kind o' mad at me, Uncle Jim, and I forgot to tell you about the make-up party, and so, in course, you know, you couldn't come."

"You must tell me all about the make-up party in the morning, my boy," said Uncle Jim, gently. "But you're not a bother, Tommy, and I love you very much. There, now. That's all settled, and you must go right to bed, young man."

Uncle Jim took him in his arms, and carried him away.

Five minutes more, and Tom, his soul at rest, was sleeping the sleep of the just, with his little brown fist curled under his cheek.

Dear Young Folks; As I have not written for the *Farmer* for a long time, I thought I would write. I am a girl thirteen years of age. Father takes the *Farmer*, and I enjoy reading the young folks' column very much. I live on a farm. Father keeps 11 head of cattle, 6 horses, 4 colts, 2 pigs, 16 sheep and 16 hens. I am going to school now; my teacher's name is Miss Mantie Burton. I like her very much. I study history, arithmetic, algebra, bookkeeping, grammar and analysis. I intend to teach school next year. I have three brothers and four sisters. My oldest sister is a school teacher. Father is away from home at work. We have an organ; I have never taken lessons, but want to soon. I worked away five weeks last winter doing housework; I like housework quite well. I have one correspondent of the *Maine Farmer*. I think the editor is very kind to let us have a column, and I think we ought to keep it full. I think I have written quite a long letter this time, and if this don't find the way to the waste basket I will write again. I should like to correspond with some of the boys and girls about my age. I will close, now, by asking a question: What is the highest mountain in the world?

I remain, yours sincerely,

BELLE R. STEADMAN.

East Hartland.

A kind heart is a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity freshen into smiles.—*Irving.*

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Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

A Tonic and A Pleasure:

That's the happy combination found in

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You drink it for pleasure, and get physical benefit. A wholesome, refreshing, appetizing, thirst quenching drink.

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Don't be deceived if a dealer, for the sake of larger profit, tells you some other kind is "just as good." 'Tis false. No imitation is as good as the genuine HIRES'.

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

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MEDICAL SCIENCE

has achieved a great triumph in the production of

BEECHAM'S PILLS which will cure Sick Headache and all Nervous Disorders arising from Impaired Digestion, Constipation and Disordered Liver; and they will quickly restore women to complete health.

Covered with a Tasteless & Soluble Coating. Of all druggists. Price 25 cents a box.

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For INTERNAL as much as EXTERNAL use. ORIGINATED By an Old Family Physician. *Dropped on Sugar, Children Love* to take it for Croup, Colds, Sore Throat, Cramps, Pains. Stops Inflammation in body or limb, like magic. Cures Coughs, Asthma, Catarrh, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Rheumatic Pains, Neuralgia, Lame Back, Stiff Joints. Sixteen Illustrated Book Free. Price, 25 cents, 50 cts. and $1.00. Sold by druggists. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

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VERTIGO.

Persons apparently in good health are often troubled with "swimming in the head;" nausea and vomiting often follow. It results from a deranged state of the digestive organs and constipation. This unpleasant and often dangerous affliction will be cured by

TUTT'S Tiny Liver Pills

which relieves the engorged liver and removes the cause through the bowels. 25c. Office, 39 Park Place, N.Y.

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Its wonderful durability and economy, actually outlasting three boxes of any other brand. Not affected by heat or cold. ASK FOR THE GENUINE. FOR SALE BY DEALERS GENERALLY.

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PARSONS PILLS.

"Best Liver Pill Made"

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2197.

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First dam Heraldine by Eyeglass Hambletonian 10 (own sister to Volunteer and Sentinel.)

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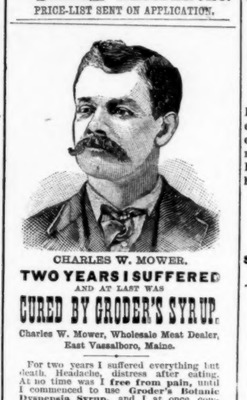

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1892. SOMETHING NEW.—1892.

2 New Wilkes Stallions IN MAINE.

COMMODORE BARRY No. 6326,

Page 59, Vol. 7 Wallace, and

HARRY HILL,

Grandson of Alcantara 2.23, and Smuggler 2.15¼; and whose sire has a record (no trial) of one-half mile track of 2.21¼, with public trials of 2.15 and 16, and will go below 2.10 in 1892; also his dam can show a 2.30 record.

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COMMODORE BERGEN, IN DIGNITY AND FORM, is the finest looking and most stylish one in every detail. Will be at the farm in the afternoon when notified beforehand. All patrons will receive free entertainment at my farm. Mares kept by the season or year, will be met at train or boat or anywhere within ten miles of home and kept with as much care, if necessary, and returned by careful hands free of charge. Any mare sent to this farm will be served by the stallion ordered and returned free.

COMMODORE BARRY'S sire has many in the 2.30 list and his dam is the dam of Lou Dillon, a 4-year-old, stood 16 hands high, and is the dam of much good at the age of 12 years, and altogether is a very fine individual. Commodore Barry's dam is by Wilkes, begets like or the likeness of some ancestor," oftener the latter than the former. He will make a horse is the same remove from the great Geo. Wilkes that the stallion conquerer, Allerton, is, and that the Wilkes blood was from good individuals, as the coming blood.

Our books are filling every day and with fine mares. Accidents and escapes will be strictly guarded against, but all such at owner's risk. This stallion ought to stand at $50, but service fees are coming down and Commodore Barry is placed where every man can use him.

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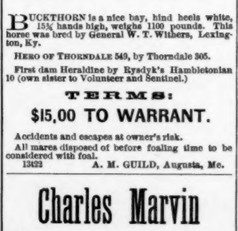

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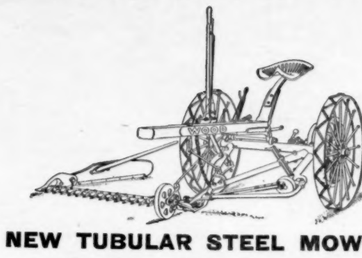

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